Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Horsebacks.

It is not a little remarkable, that what with us are denominated *horsebacks*, and which are found in considerable numbers in our State, seem to be a peculiar characteristic of our own soil, as they scarcely occur out of the State, and nothing at all similar to them are described out of New England unless it be the escars of Northern Europe. The general features of these *horsebacks*, are a narrow ridge of coarse sand and gravel, attaining a height of from thirty to forty feet, situated in a level country, with sometimes an undulating summit, the extreme ends being generally of the same elevation above the ocean.

In the forthcoming Report on the Geology of the State, Prof. Hitchcock gives descriptions and localities of seventeen horsebacks that he has found to exist in Maine, adding: "We know of only three localities of them out of the State."

There is one of these horsebacks in the northern part of Somerset County, which we have not seen described, and therefore adds another one to the list. It is situated partly in No. 2 Range II, west of the Kennebec, and partly in Jerusalem township in Franklin County. Its general course is N. W. and S. E., although it is interrupted by many short zig-zag turns. It is nearly five miles in length, and from twenty to sixty feet in height. Occasionally there are sharp pitches or depressions through its course, and here there seem to be a predominance of boulders ranging in size from a hen's egg to a two-quart measure, while on ascending the horseback from these gullies, coarse sand or gravel seems to be the formation. On either side of this horseback, for the whole distance, is a peaty swamp, in places covered with a black growth, and at other places—where the growth has been burnt—showing a stream with a mucky bottom, forming at one place a pond of considerable size. At several places on the bog, there are considerable quantities of cranberries, but they are small in size and inferior in quality. The people in the vicinity regard this horseback as formed on purpose for a road; and it would seem that such were the designs of Providence, for it is the only place for the entire five miles that it would be possible to build a road for public travel.

Speculating upon the origin of these horsebacks, Prof. Hitchcock says: (Report of Scientific Survey, p. 274.)

"Nothing similar to these ridges have been described out of New England, unless it be the escars of Northern Europe. These consist of pebbles of carboniferous limestone heaped into narrow ridges forty to eighty feet high and from one to twenty miles long, probably formed in the eddies along the margins of opposing and conflicting currents, which piled up the materials from each side. We have not felt satisfied that this explanation will account for the origin of the horsebacks. It is difficult for us to see how a single ridge can be formed by these currents. Two currents flowing side by side would produce three ridges instead of one. A strong current confined to a narrow space might deposit such a ridge; but where are the barriers which placed the current in these circumstances? Can we conceive of ice barriers fifty miles long? Surely any other species of obstruction would have remained, and we should have had a gravelly bank lying against a long hill. Then a current would naturally deposit the heaviest stones first, which is not the case with the horsebacks. When a thorough exploration shall be made of these ridges, then we may be able to theorize upon them. We want to know the following things: 1, their number and general distribution through the State; 2, the exact course of each ridge, with all its zig-zags and curves; 3, their height at every variation of altitude, particularly their height at the upper end as compared with the lower end, if there is any difference; we want to know whether they are higher in the middle than at either end; 4, the materials of which they are composed, their arrangement, and if possible their general source. It will be seen thus that a great deal of exploration is needed to settle what appears to be a purely theoretical question. Yet the settling of this theoretical question may apply directly to the benefit of agriculture by showing us in some manner from whence the materials composing our soils were obtained."

Large Lambs and Nice Wool.

We have received from Farnham Jewett, Esq., member of the Board of Agriculture, from Oxford county, a letter enclosing specimens of wool from his improved South Down and Cotswold bucks. That marked No. 1, is of superior fineness, and quite equals the Spanish. Indeed its length and quality both indicate the Merino. To unite wool of this quality with the hardy characteristics of the South Down and native breeds, should be the aim of the sheep raiser. Mr. Jewett writes:

MR. EDITOR:—In perusing your valuable paper I notice a number of big calves and lambs spoken of, and as it interests me, and always does, whenever I read interesting accounts of the success of farmers, I thought I would drop a line regarding my flock at the present time. It is universally known that I have a preference as to breeds, and that the Improved South Down for a buck, crossed with large, long wooled sheep is my choice. I send you a lock of wool from my South Down buck, and likewise one from a grade Cotswold. No. 1 is the South Down; and the Cotswold is marked No. 2. I started last fall with fifty good sheep, forty of them were ewes, thirty of them have now by their sides forty lambs, and there are ten more to lamb. I weighed two lambs that are twins, dropped 19th of April, weight 18 lbs.; one dropped to-day, (21st April.) 11¼ lbs.; one do. 21st, 10¼ lbs., &c. I have given no grain or roots, but plenty of good hay, salted freely.

North Waterford, April 21, 1862.

Mineralogical.

MR. EDITOR:—Enclosed I send a substance for your geological investigation, which was taken from what appeared to be a species, or inferior quality of slate rock, in the town of Carroll, Penobscot County. Please give us the result of your investigation through your paper, and greatly oblige Yours respectfully,

C. LAMB.

Carroll, April 15, 1862.

NOTE. The mineral sent is a specimen of iron pyrites or sulphuret of iron. It is composed of sulphur and iron, and often occurs in very regular cubical shaped crystals. Its principal value is when occurring in sufficient quantities as a rock from which to manufacture sulphur and also copperas.—ED.

☞ We are informed that a cow belonging to Mr. J. O. Page of China, dropped a calf on the 23th ult. which weighed 136 lbs., and girted 3 feet.

Curculio and other Plagues.

Are we to have more insect plagues the coming season than common? There is one indication that we shall. That is the fact that the snow has covered the ground deeply and uninterruptedly for the last five months. By this means the grubs and larvæ of insects have been kept at a uniform temperature, and therefore better preserved than if subjected to the extremes of freezing and thawing, as is the case during some winters.

It has been remarked that even thus early the common horse-flies are uncommonly abundant, and that the robins, blue-birds, and some others are more abundant than they have been for years. Some infer from this that these birds have a presentiment that insects are to be more plenty than common, and of course they will find more than a common supply of food, and are ready thus early to enjoy it.

Among the earliest of insect scourges, and one of the most destructive and vexatious and at the same time most difficult to ward off is the curculio—the chap that destroys our plums and much other fruit. The plums and cherries will soon be in full bloom, and the curculio in the height of his mischief. We have every year given such plans to entrap him, and to defend the fruit from his attacks, that the experience or ingenuity of the fruit grower suggested from time to time. Sometimes these suggestions have done good, and sometimes they were of no avail. In accordance with this custom, we at this time abridge from a communication from T. M. Lynch, of Bedford, Pa., in the April number of the *Gardener Monthly*, the following mode by which he protects his plums from this destroyer.

"First," says he, "procure a force pump. We get them made of tin for one dollar, that will throw a three-eighths stream eighteen feet high. Next, procure quick-lime, slack as for whitewash, and when cool, add water until the consistency of thin white-wash, a sufficient quantity for the number of trees to be syringed. A little salt is also beneficial. By placing the vessel among the trees and the pump in it, I can throw the lime all over six or eight trees. This should be continued until all the tree is limed, and the work is done, until the fruit has grown larger or been washed by rains. Then the dose should be repeated. The syringing should commence as soon as the fruit is perfectly formed, or before the curculio commences its work, and kept limed until the fruit is more than half formed."

Save Your Elbows.

Washing and wringing clothes are counted among the hardest of all domestic labor. The work of washing the clothes is hard enough, but when, in the common way, every piece, after having been washed clean has to be wrung until nearly all the water is expelled from it, the muscles of the arms and integriments of the elbows already wearied, have to undergo a straining and wrenching which oftentimes brings on lameness and sometimes a permanent disability.

To obviate these troubles, all sorts of machinery has from time to time been put in requisition. The Patent Office is full of models of washing machines, all designed to relieve us from this peculiarly hard labor. It is not, however, until a comparatively recent date that machines exclusively for wringing clothes have been got up and patented. Some very good ones have been brought into use, and among them we are inclined to think that Haley, Morse & Boyden's bears the palm. It is simple in its construction and operation, and very efficient in its work, and what makes it all the better, it is so easily operated that a mere child can wring the clothes of a large wash in the most thorough manner without any outlay of strength comparatively, and in mere sport.

The following are some of the merits claimed, and we think justly for this machine and the benefits arising from its use:

The self adjusting clothes wringer, is the greatest improvement of the nineteenth century, and has only to be known and tried, to come into general use. The saving of clothes, in pressing out the water between two rubber rolls, instead of wringing or twisting, will amount to enough in a short time, to pay for a machine.

Every one is aware, that the twisting or wringing of clothes, stretches and breaks the fibers; but this machine presses them, so even, that a newspaper thoroughly soaked, can be wrung, without breaking it in the least, and it works so easy, that a child twelve years old, can operate it without trouble. Hot water does not injure the rolls, and woolen goods can be wrung out of boiling water to prevent fulling, which cannot be done by hand.

In starching, it is invaluable, especially on large articles, such as ladies' skirts, &c., as it leaves the starch in the clothes perfectly even. It will wring the largest bed quilt, or the smallest pocket handkerchief, dryer than can possibly be done by hand, without alteration, in less than one-eighth the time. The machine is so simple that it cannot get out of repair.

The great improvement in this, over every other wringing machine yet invented, is, its self adjusting arrangement, requiring no alteration, to wring a handkerchief or bed quilt, consequently, the most ignorant servant can operate it.

The machine is made of wood, and so arranged, that no iron can possibly come in contact with the clothes, thereby avoiding all danger of injury to the clothes, by iron rust.

Our old friend and former townsman, Sumner B. Pullen, is general agent for this invention in Kennebec County.

Query---Warts on Horses.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please inform me what will kill warts on horses. I have a young horse that has about thirty on her lips and about her nose; one is about as large as a white bean, and some are as small as the head of a pin. If you know what will kill them, please inform me, and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. Dr. Jennings in his work entitled the "Horse and his Diseases," thus speaks of warts: "These fungous growths appear in the horse most frequently about the mouth, nose, and lips: but they are occasionally found upon other parts the body. They are sometimes found in large numbers about the lips of colts, and are generally rubbed off, or drop off; if, however, they grow large and become deeply rooted, they may be cut off by passing a needle through the centre armed with double thread, and tied tightly around the neck on each side. This prevents the possibility of the ligatures being rubbed off; or, they may be painted over with the per-maganate of potash, a few applications of which will entirely destroy warts of a large size; or they may be removed with a knife."

Field Beans.

Seconding the suggestion of the Board of Agriculture, we desire just now, to call attention to an increased production of beans, as a crop likely to command an ample remuneration. It is one of the few plants adapted to our dry climate, and we believe its culture should enter more largely into our course of husbandry than has formerly been allowed it. The bean like peas and clover is a ciguminous plant, and like them contains a large amount of nitrogen: and a more general growth and consumption of beans upon the farm would increase the value of the manure and therefore add largely to the fertility and productiveness of the soil. According to the estimates of Mr. Lawes of England, the manure from a ton of beans is worth $15.75, while from a ton of Indian corn it is worth only $6.65. Although these figures may not apply with correctness to this country, yet they represent with undoubted accuracy the relative value of manure made from beans and corn. For enriching the soil, and at the same time for cleaning it—being a hoed crop—there is no more favorable crop than beans.

We know beans are seldom raised for consumption on the farm. When cultivated for market they are not an exhausting crop, and their culture could be profitably extended. Even if there is not an increased demand for them in the market, they can be fed out to stock on the farm, thereby saving to the soil the great benefits to be derived from their culture. We have known of instances where corn and beans mixed and ground have been fed to milch cows with the very best results. Sheep too, can consume them with profit.

New York Ag'l Transactions for 1860.

We have received a copy of the Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag'l So'y for 1860—the last volume issued—and on examining its contents, and comparing it with former volumes of the series, we are led to pronounce it one of the most valuable which the Society has published. This is the fifteenth volume which has been issued under the direction of the present efficient Secretary of the Society, Hon. B. P. Johnson, and it is a high compliment to his ability and sound judgment, that each volume has been growing in interest and importance, and the whole series contains such a vast amount of practical information, and so many able and elaborate articles from the most eminent agriculturists in our country. No works in our library are oftener referred to, or consulted with greater benefit than the Transactions of this Society.

Among the articles of interest in the volume we may mention several upon Dairying—some extracts from which we shall endeavor to place before our readers—an essay on Irrigation, by A. B. Dickinson, now U. S. Minister to Central America; a treatise on Cross-Breeding by W. C. Spooner, an English author; several excellent addresses; reports of County Agricutural Societies; some articles from foreign works; the correspondence of the Society, &c., &c. But the most valuable portion of the volume is the Sixth Report of Dr. ASA FITCH, on the noxious and other insects of the State. It occupies 120 pages and is taken up with Histories of the Wheat Midge, Grain Aphis and Army Worm. As a scientific treatise it ranks very high, while it is also adapted to the understanding and use of the common farmer.—s.

Sowing Wheat Early

Many of our farmers were careful to prepare their grounds on which they intended to sow wheat in the spring, before the ground closed last fall. By so doing they hoped to be able to get their grain in early in the season, and thus stand a better chance of its escaping the midge, the rust and the aphis. As far as dates are concerned, they will be disappointed. The lingering of "winter in the lap of May," and the consequent continuance of snow-drifts so late has prevented any sowing of wheat among us yet. Last year, some farmers had finished their wheat-sowing three weeks earlier than this. Still those who have their grounds all ready will be enabled to take the first dawn of the season and benefit themselves by what, when measured by the approval of spring, rather than by dates in the calendar, may be called early. If the midge and the aphis will be correspondingly late in their coming, it may be well; but if they should come into action at about the usual dates or days of the month, we fear the crops will be caught by them and suffer accordingly. However it is not best to borrow too much trouble. The most obvious duty is to go ahead and carry out your intentions of sowing early. Sow the first opportunity that the weather and the season will give you, and trust God for the harvest.

Wolf Jaw on Animals.

MR. EDITOR:—*Dear Sir*—Can you or any of the readers of the *Maine Farmer*, inform me through your paper what will cure what is called wolf on an animal's jaw. I have a three-year-old heifer, (a very promising one,) that is thus afflicted. It has been growing some two months but is not yet to a head. I would be very thankful to know of a remedy. M. E. R.

Stetson, April 22, 1862.

NOTE. What is familiarly called wolf on the jaw of cattle is a disease of the bone, which first manifests itself by an enlargement, and after a time becomes carious, suppurates and discharges purulent matter. It finally kills the animal by the combined action of starvation from inability to use the jaw, and exhaustion by excessive discharges from the diseased part. It is usually caused by injury to the bone from a blow. We have known it caused by an ulcer tooth, which suppurates at the root and involves the jaw in its disease. When it arises from this last cause it is sometimes cured by extracting the tooth.

We think it not unlikely that the disease might be arrested by the operation of cutting out the diseased bone as it is sometimes done in the human patient, but it would cost more than the worth of the animal would warrant.

We should be happy to hear from any one who has had experience in the mangement of such cases.—ED.

ANOTHER LARGE CALF. A correspondent informs us that a cow belonging to Mr. E. Ramsdell of Canaan, dropped a calf on the 20th ult., that weighed when four hours old 121 lbs. Its girth was 2 feet 9 inches, length 3 feet 5 inches, and stood 2 feet and 8 inches high.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

"The old Red Stock of New England."

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—The interesting article (in the 17th number of your present volume,) upon our "native stock," by O. W. True, with the extract from Dr. Loring's agreeable address, before the "Worcester North Agricultural Society," of Mass., in 1860, has induced my looking up the paper, prepared for you sometime ago, and embodying it in this, which I propose to offer you now for publication.

I have taken my text from Dr. Loring's discourse, and shall have occasion to quote freely therefrom. He says, "we hear a great deal of the old red stock of New England; it has many warm admirers, and in the literary devotion of some of its highly intelligent historians and friends, (I had almost said apologists,) it promises to become as classic in the bovine annals as the 'old red sandstone' has become in geological pages under the pen of Hugh Miller. I suppose there is such a breed of cattle, but what is it, and where it originated, I have never found any investigator who could inform me. The first cattle brought into New England were imported in the Charity, in the care of Mr. Winslow, the agent of the Plymouth Colony, early in the spring of 1623. To what breed they belonged it is impossible to tell; but as a large proportion of the early immigrants were from Devonshire and the south of England, where the Devon cattle were even then popular, and where that breed had long been established, it is very probable that the earliest arrivals here were very strongly tinctured with this blood; for the circumstances of our ancestors did not admit of their entering very largely into fancy stock. It is more likely that the animals were purchased as advantageously as possible in the section of country where the travellers debarked. The color of their descendants would indicate that they were Devons, more or less pure. There is every reason to suppose that the class of animals to which I am referring, had their origin as I have suggested."

I desire to render the conclusion, thus reached by Dr. Loring, as clear to others as it is to me, if I can, by the introduction of more exact and, to my mind, convincing evidence. I have not the presumption to believe for a moment, that I can convey any information to the distinguished agriculturist who thus spoke before a Massachusetts audience. From the tone and slight incongruity observable in the above extract, I very much doubt whether he would be willing to accord to me a moment's hearing. Although the record of the old red cattle of New England may not be as exact as that of a royal family, yet there certainly is as little obscurity about its origin as there is about that of the lauded Short-horn, and less than about that of the present, so called, improved Ayrshire, to the transcendent merit of which, latter, Dr. Loring commits himself unconditionally, and then winds up his eulogium with what seems to be an admission that they have the same lack of uniformity which he so bitterly derides in the "New England dairy stock." He says: "Among them is a race of animals partaking strongly of the nature of short-horns, round, compact, thick-meated, close-shouldered, easily fattening, which are to be avoided. Some are found, also, with a peculiar shelliness of skin, a hard, unyielding, inelastic feel, which is very objectionable. Avoiding these two (?) defects, you can hardly fail of purchasing a good cow, taking the average as they appear on the farms in Ayrshire." (I believe he might have added, with truth, that there is too *frequently* among the best bred Ayrshires an inveterate propensity to barrenness.) Now by the above direction one must go to Ayrshire and there select his good cow just as our dairy men in Maine almost invariably go about among the nearest approach to the old fashioned red New England stock of our fathers, and select their own most profitable cows for milk. Dr. Loring does not promise that you shall never fail of breeding good Ayrshire cows in New England. He does not state from experience that New England bred Ayrshires exhibit in the third and fourth generations the milking virtues intact of their imported progenitors. Could any one truthfully make such assertions.

Dr. Loring asks his audience how long they suppose it would take a man to "collect a herd of twenty cows of superior quality out of this great New England family." I know of several herds of a dozen to be had for money any day, which, I verily believe, would compete successfully with any herd of Ayrshires. For a proper consideration I would engage to gather such a herd, from as many different owners, as the number of cows composing it, in one month's time. And, when got together, that most competent and widely known and respected individual, "the oldest inhabitant," should decide and declare upon their rightfully claiming to belong to the old-fashioned red of Maine. Hon. J. W. Proctor says (in the Agriculture of Mass., Vol. of 1853, p. 277,) "Our milch cows, for the making of butter and cheese, the primary object for which they are kept on most farms, are certainly not inferior to any others. In expressing this opinion, I take into view their feed as well as their products. I have seen many cows within thirty years, and the very best I have seen have been native. Such was the opinion of Timothy Pickering and John Lowell, gentlemen of as discriminating observation and high character for intelligence and truth as any others. Not speculators in stock, with no prejudices to conquer, or preferences to award. That I may not do injustice to these venerable pioneers in improvement, who did more in Massachusetts to awaken public attention to the interests of the farmer than all others, I beg leave to quote a single sentence from a report submitted by Mr. Lowell, on milch cows, exhibited at the show in Brighton, October 1822, when Mr. Pickering was associated with him on the committe; and I myself was present, a stripling, looking on. Says he: "Although the milch cows of Great Britain and the Netherlands are in general far superior to our own, I have never seen an imported cow with equal merit with some of our own, that have been here offered. So fully am I convinced of this truth, as well as that our country possesses a very considerable number of these fine cows, that I am persuaded that if Great Britain or the Netherlands were to send us ten cows, selected, each of the best quality there to be found, New England alone would furnish twenty that would equal them in the quantity of milk, butter and cheese they would respectively produce."

Again Dr. Loring says: "The old red stock of New England is acclimated, it is true: so is the second generation of any Imported Short-horn, or Ayrshire, or Jersey; (this may be questioned hereafter.) Yet the difficulty is, (he says very truly,) that they are a series of accidents."

Now here we have the real difficulty, the great and valid objection to our "old-fashioned native stock." They are all mongrels, and therefore there can be no certainty in breeding from them except by the constant use of pure blood bulls of the race to which they make the nearest approach in their general conformation and characteristics. Bred among themselves, the chances are against obtaining the transmission of good qualities in calves from ever so good parents of such mixed up blood, possessing no fixed properties. They will be sure to breed out semi-occasionally some miserable creature for the points of which they have searched back in their genealogies to an abominable strain of blood got in by a "Peter Waldo," "Whittier," "Yorkshire," "Pumpkin Buttocks," or some other slab-side with a goury neck at one end and the other shaped like two grindstones laid flat together. But yet there *is*, I assert, a "prevailing type about the old red stock," although fast disappearing in those districts where Short-horn bulls have been used; but wherever their progeny by Devon bulls has been seen by the aged men of the neighborhood, these are at once recognized as "still *more* like the good old stock their fathers had." Time and time again have I heard such words about grade Devons in my own herd, and but the other day a similar remark was made by a very observing old farmer, whose memory reaches back more than half a century, while looking with me at one of my pure blood Devons. This was not drawn out by any suggestion of mine but made, as it seemed, involuntarily, in a reflective sort of way. The cow, he thus likened to the "old red," was, to be sure, a little out of condition, which contributed something no doubt.

Before the advent of the short-horns in Maine, there was a good degree of *uniformity* among the old red stock; as much perhaps as there is now among the Ayrshires or even the Short-horns; for these last vary remarkably in different families and in different hands. Although our fathers were careless and reckless in breeding their neat stock, yet, in the line of milk, there was a certain amount of thought bestowed upon the dams. If a farmer possessed in his herd, as most every one did, a favorite good milker, whatever might be their sire, he raised her heifer calves, in preference to any others, if they happened to come at the right season. The legitimate result of this has been, and is now to be seen in the excellent milkers scattered throughout our State.

The Ingall's cow from whose milk 40¼ lbs. of butter was made in a fortnight, (of which an account is given in Dr. Holmes' report of 1855, pages 152 and 3,) and the Oake's cow, (described in the Agriculture of Massachusetts, Vol. of 1853, pages 278 and 9, and more fully in the Vol. of 1854, pages 253, 4, 5 and 6,) from whose milk 19 lbs. of butter was made in a week, are notable instances before the public. Of the latter, Dr. Loring says: "She is said to have descended from a race of good milkers, but she failed entirely in transmitting the virtues of her ancestors." In both these cases, taken because widely known, the animals are acknowledged to have been of "the old-fashioned native stock," and to have descended from families of good milkers, the Ingall's cow transmitting her milking qualities to her offspring, while, I submit, it is fair to assume that the failure of the Oake's cow, in this respect, may have been from the manner in which she was forced. "For it is well known," says Mr. Flint, "that when making so much butter, she drank all her own milk, (skimmed,) and a bushel of meal per week mixed with it. By this unnatural and injudicious treatment she was ruined."

Almost every neighborhood in Maine possesses one or two cows of this character, needed only to be properly fed, and brought out before the public, to obtain a place in "the history of extraordinary cows." I firmly believe that a majority of Maine farmers will sustain me in the assertion that some of the very best milkers, the most active and, for their size, the best and "smartest" workers, and when butchered, making the best quality of beef, and in all respects, considering the cost of their keep, the most profitable, neat cattle may still be found among "the old-fashioned natives." And that there were many more of these *choicer* animals to be found before the introduction of the short-horn, or, as formerly called, Durham blood.

Every farmer knows that he can *now* select a herd of most excellent dairy cows of this old stock, if he is willing to pay for them. And, I believe, he may perpetuate and fix in their progeny this and all other desirable qualities, by breeding them to pure blood Devon bulls of the proper character. In using the Devon, I maintain that he is just reverting to the fountain head by the shortest cut, to renew and purify their blood. In spite of all its windings and corrupted tributaries, the channel of the main stream yet preserves a certain clearness and strength of current which will most readily combine with that which thus flows directly into it from its own original source. Its primordial element will be revived, and the *present leading* ingredient of this bovine compound augmented.

We may thus, in a great measure free "our native stock" from the only authentic reproach which now attaches to it, and restore at once, a very considerable degree of certainty to our efforts in breeding neat cattle in Maine; with the very grateful assurance that we are steadily and unerringly, step by step, with each generation, approaching that final point of complete progress in this matter, where like will surely produce like; where a good bull will never fail to beget a good calf in a good cow.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

JOHN F. ANDERSON.

South Windham, April 15, 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

Roots for Stock---Seed, &c,

MR. EDITOR:—The season for putting in seed for root crops is near us, and it now looks like a short, hurried seed time—a season in which we are apt to overlook or neglect all but the staple farm crops.

Most farmers will admit that turnips, beets and carrots will not only save hay, when fed to farm stock, but bring their animals out a little sleeker and plumper in the spring then when fed on hay alone, but there seems to be quite a diversity of opinion about the comparative value of each, also, as to the cost of raising. We often see farmers putting in such seed as he may chance to have, regardless of its adaption to the patch or remnant of his field. Again they will feed out roots at random, using little discretion (if they have any) about the time or quantity, and perhaps not deriving one-half the value from them, then they are "down on roots" of course.

My motive for writing this evening, is to call the attention of some faithless farmers to this subject, and request them to try again this season; yes experiment carefully with mangolds, rutabagas and carrots, on the same and different soils, and remember the result. Some may have a very desirable location for a turnip field but its soil will not grow a crop, or perhaps from its long contiued cultivation, the roots will be wormy or unfair.

From a few years trial, I have decided that the mangold-wurtzel is the crop for my soil and farm stock, have had poor luck with rutabagas, but little better with carrots, (rusted badly) until the past season, when I sowed in alternate rows with beets, and had an excellent crop; shall continue to cultivate this way as long as they give as good yield as the experimental one—think highly of interspersing different roots or plants—consider carrots *the root* for horses. I have raised four successive crops of beets on a clayey, loam soil, some gravel incorporated, plow in well rotted barn manure in the fall, again plow (twice if I can) deep in the spring, harrow down smooth, then mark out the rows crosswise of the harrow marks with a sort of heavy dray rake teeth twenty inches apart, some by hand, (either in drills or hills,) covering with the foot about as fast as I can drop the seed, thin out early, leaving strong plants twelve to fifteen inches apart, hoe thoroughly, and harvest early before frost injures them. I have always got a good crop, but do not pretend to excel or *beat* others.

I must here acknowledge the value of a hint in the *Farmer*, in regard to the injurious effects of feeding beets early in the season, had it not been for that hint, I should have continued in ignorance and lost a part of the value of the root, beside endangering the health of my stock. I now commence about mid-winter, and feed out raw to swine, cows and sheep.

By the way Doctor, do we not need some root for fall and early winter? how will the Yellow Aberdeen turnips answer for this purpose? Our neighbors in New Brunswick raise excellent crops with but little labor; and from a trial the past year they flourish well here; can be sown broad cast like the English flat. The Sweet German sustains their reputation with us for the table.

Seedsmen and others tell us that imported seed is better than that of home growth, wishing to get the best in market I have patronized them, but cannot yet find where it has any superiority to that grown on my own soil. Importers and seedsmen tell us that foreign grown seed is more pure than our own, perhaps some may be *pure*, but some is *poor*; having had a little experience with imported trees, plants and seeds, I feel convinced that in nine cases out of ten we get as good at home. Farmers should be as careful in the selection of roots for seed as their corn or other seed. Instead of waiting until planting time and then set out the refuse of the heap, I find it best to select smooth, medium sized, not over ripe roots, either at harvest time, or when feeding out, and store away for seed.

Is it not our duty in the present low financial condition of our country to encourage home productions? S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Good Wheat.

MR. EDITOR:—As there is much written in the *Farmer* on large pigs, large calves, crops and other matters, I thought I would just drop a line in regard to some large wheat that I have been raising for the last seven years. The seed came from a very small parcel, called the Wild-goose wheat. Last year I raised twenty bushels to the acre, on ordinary dressed land. It is very large grain, grows very tall, and has a very hard straw. It never has rusted, and the weevil has never injured it. It makes 48½ lbs. of flour to the bushel, of good quality. It has not failed for the last seven years. I have sowed it at all seasons of sowing, from the 23d of April, to the 27th of May. I keep it for seed. What I have sold has been sold at four dollars per bushel. If any of the readers of the *Farmer* wish to avail themselves of this wheat, I have some to accommodate them with. OLIVER BROOKS.

Corinna, April 25, 1862.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Useless Acres.

Many farmers remain always poor, in consequence of attempting to cultivate too many acres, instead of confining their labors to such a quantity of land as they can manipulate properly and manure fully. No farmer who now skims over his one hundred acres or more, can do as well as he who plows a less number, and does that thoroughly.

Suppose a farmer with one hundred acres of land, $1,000 in ready means, his farm fairly stocked, half of it in pastures or meadows not yielding full crops, and the other fifty acres in various crops producing inferior results—What should he do under these circumstances? Suppose him to have on hand 250 loads of barnyard manure, on how many acres should he apply it? Should he loan out any part of his money on interest, or can he use it to a greater profit on his land? In our opinion his capital is too small for his farm, and he has not manure enough for the most profitable culture of even ten acres. Let him leave his grass lands and attack the other portions of his farm first. Every acre he disturbs should be plowed as deeply as practicable, without turning up the sub-soil at the first plowing. Let him follow in the furrow with a sub-soil plow propelled by a separate team, and thus disturb the soil fully, and avail himself of nature's laws to improve its quality. He may use his money for labor and well chosen fertilizers, in the full and efficient preparation of just as many acres as he can prepare in the best manner, remembering that he should find out as early as possible, "how much manure he may use with increased profit," and not try to get large results in a manner calculated to impoverish his land.

Let him devote the few acres he may thus fully and properly prepare, to the higher priced crops of his district, or to those of high value and small bulk, so as to bear the cost of transportation to distant markets if required. Lands when first fully prepared, should not be immediately devoted to grass, for a large disbursement per acre cannot be suddenly returned in this crop. If near a city or large town, devote the first few acres, well prepared, the first year to cabbages, or some other bulky and desirable crop, worth from $100 to $300 or more per ace; if more distant from market, less bulky crops, such as Lima and other beans, desirable seeds, etc., and if judiciously chosen, he can get his capital back the first year, leaving his land doubled in value for agricultural use, for years to come. The next season let him pursue the same process with a few acres more, putting down the land of the year before to grain and grass—for its preparation is already paid for—and he can afford to raise a full crop of grain, and have a grass field to follow, that will not suffer from drouth, and will produce a full hay crop without a continued large outlay. If he have stock which he pastures on his unprepared grass lands in summer, let him devote part of his well and newly prepared acres, to the raising of carrots and other roots for cattle feeding in winter, and thus sends his crops to market on foot—let him at least find his $1000 or more, always back in the bank on the first day of February or March. Thus let him go over his whole farm; a few acres each year, increasing the quantity as his means increase, and our word for it his new grass fields will give permanent and increased income. If his means permit, he may underdrain his coldest and wet lands, and eventually all his acres, but no faster than he can do it currently and profitably, until his whole farm is down to grass, if he desire, of the best quality; then he may keep an increased amount of stock, and again go over his farm gradually as before, for further improvement. Compare this farmer's gain with that of a neighbor, who spreads his manure thinly over many acres, and skims over his land with shallow surface-plowing, without sub-soiling or under-draining, and at the end of ten years you will find the last named individual as poor as when he commenced, unless he has meanly starved himself and his family; while the other farmer, even at the rate of only five acres per year, will have fifty in full tilth, and paying a large profit, enabling him to do likewise with the rest of his farm in a much shorter space of time, with the expenses of the fully prepared acres lessening, and the crops increasing each year.

We anticipate the reply that they cannot sell the high priced crops in their districts, etc.; we simply say, that if they will read over the list of any seed dealer, they will find a dozen crops which may be raised with profit on any under-drained and sub-soiled acre of good land *fully manured*, at a profit even the second year, if the best tools and means to be used to do it, and this, too, in the face of a rental of the value of a hay crop per year. We do not believe *gradually* redeeming land; we prefer to redeem less at a time, but do it thoroughly and at once.—*Working Farmer.*

Economical Living.

Farmers can live on the produce of their own soils, and they are less independent on other people than any class that we have among us. Grain, the very "staff of life," they may find at home. And the various grains which they may produce will sustain and fatten all the meat which their families require, fresh or salt.

Then comes in course the great variety of small articles which are wanted to set a good table. The farmer's vegetables from his garden are quite as good as any he could buy in a city market. He has his beans, peas, turnips, &c., fresh from the garden—and the poultry and eggs from his barn, quite as fresh as any that can be brought from a distance.

Farmers are not often fond of trading, and they may live very well without attempting to learn the art. Let them aim to live principally on the productions of their own farms and they will be less apt to complain of hard times.

White beans may be planted in the last week of May. Early and late peas are wanted. It is a good practice to plant some at short intervals—beginning by the first of April and continuing to plant through the month of May.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Value of Blood in Animals.

It has often been shown in the columns of the *American Agriculturist* that, in the improvement of all kinds of domestic animals, very much depends upon securing the use of *well bred males*. This is pre-eminently true in the breeding of neat cattle, and with this class of stock we have the ability, over the whole country, to obtain the use of thorough-bred animals. A strange prejudice exists against acknowledging the fact, every day demonstrated, that grade, cross-blood, or "native" bulls, beget calves as likely to be bad as good, and upon which we can make no sort of calculation unless it be in the case of some old bulls. We sometimes, but rarely, find that a grade bull gets excellent stock with great uniformity. In this ability to propagate good qualities (not necessarily his own) he only shows the excellence of some strain of blood from which he is sprung. We do not know the fact, however, until his progeny are grown. The thorough-bred bull, on the contrary, marks *all* his calves after his breed and usually also after himself. Male animals give to their immediate offspring, with considerable uniformity, muscle, bone, spirit, and external characteristics; and in the thoroughbred races they impress other characteristics usually derived from the dam, particularly milking qualities. We all doubtless have knowledge of families of milkers of the old native stock in which, for generation after generation, the cows looked alike and milked alike; so much so that "Old Brindle's" heifer calf was sure to be raised, and we were almost morally certain that in the course of time all the old favorite's good qualities would be developed in her; the influence of the scrub bull, her sire, not being taken into account at all. Now-a-days, we see the progeny of Jersey and Ayrshire bulls with good, bad, and indifferent cows almost uniformly taking after the breed of their sires, in milking qualities as well as in characteristics logically expected from the sire.

We argue then, and urge the consideration upon our readers, that the most direct, feasible, economical, not to say the *only* available way for most of the farmers of this country to improve their stock is by the use of thorough-bred males. Evidently, an animal is not thorough-bred when he is only three-fourths or seven-eights pure blood, yet he may be handsomer and every way a better animal than any thorough-bred in the neighborhood. Still, you cannot be sure that his calves will be good; while even a very inferior looking thorough-bred bull is almost absolutely certain to get first class calves from grade cows.

Our breeders of thorough-bred cattle, of all the improved breeds, commit a great error in holding their bull calves at so high a price as to prevent sales, and finally, as is often done, making stags of them rather than sell them at a low price. If they would even give away the bull calves, which they do not wish to keep and which are not worth a *very high price*, on condition that they shall not be used upon thorough-bred cows, and charge proportionately higher prices for the choicer calves of the herd, breeders would find it greatly to their advantage. In some such way the public must be brought to appreciate the value of blood.—*Am. Ag.*

Culture of Melons.

It is a great object to get melons early. This cool, richest and most lucious of all herbaceous fruits, to be fully appreciated, should be eaten in the hot weather of July, August and early September. They may be started in the hot-bed, provided some means be contrived by which they may be lifted and transplanted to open ground without disturbing the roots. Some plant over a piece of turf in the hot-bed, which may be carried with the plants to the open ground; others, in small open baskets, which may be set with the plants in the hill, the roots being able to push through the interstices in the basket; and others again, in a shell made by excavating a large turnip, which soon rots in the ground or may be removed after the plants are carried to the hill. In this climate, however, it is easy, with a little care, to raise melons sufficiently early in the open ground.

A light, rich, sandy soil should be selected. In the lack of such a soil, it will be well to supply a bushel or two of sand to each hill. The soil should be deeply dug, thoroughly pulverized and enriched. A little finely pulverized chicken or pigeon manure, mixed with the soil of each hill, will be found an excellent stimulant. A frame, a few inches high, around each hill, may be covered with glass or mosquito netting, and will be a great protection to the plants from cold winds, frost, or the striped bugs. Eight or ten seeds should be planted in each hill, and after they are safe from insects, should be thinned out to two or three.

The greatest difficulty in the way of success in melon raising, is in obtaining and preserving the seed pure. The varieties of the melon readily mix with each other, and if you save your own seed, without great care, you will soon have no good melons. The fruit the first year will not show the mixture; the second year it will be quite apparent, and the third year may be worthless. To preserve the seed pure, it is not safe to plant nearer than ten rods of any variety with which they can mix. When you have planted a good variety where it is safe from admixture, save seed enough to last five years. Melon seed improves with age up to five or six years.—*Valley Farmer.*

Keep up the Production.

It is to be hoped that farmers will relax no efforts to keep up the amount of meats and breadstuffs required by the country. Our safety depends on this. Notwithstanding the great numbers of the agricultural population which have been taken to fill the ranks of the army, we believe that a proper use of available facilities will, under ordinary circumstances of weather and other causes which affect crops, secure an abundance for the support of all our people, and even leave a surplus for exportation. This was done last year, although most of the recruiting for the army was so early that the soldiers rendered but little aid in any agricultural labor. In some of the States the aggregate produce was greater than in any former year, although the season could not be considered more favorable than the average.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, May 8, 1862.

The Inventor of the Cotton Gin.

Eli Whitney, of New Haven, Conn., graduated at Yale College in 1792, and very soon after had occasion to make a visit to Georgia. While on his journey thither he fortunately fell into the company of Mrs. Green, widow of the famous Gen. Nathaniel Green, of Revolutionary fame, who had been visiting her friends at the north. During the journey she became so much interested in young Whitney that she urged him to accept the hospitalities of her house, making it his home during his stay in Savannah. Arriving there he commenced the study of law. His inventive talent was here brought out in a singular, yet most common way. Mrs. Green was engaged upon a piece of embroidery, in the work of which she was obliged to use a peculiar frame called a tambour. The one she was using was roughly constructed, and she complained that it tore her thread, the work being very delicate. Mr. Whitney set himself to work and made a tambour frame of an entirely original patern, presenting it to his kind hostess for her inspection and use. It met her approval, and she considered it a wonderful proof of ingenuity.

Soon after this, a large party of distinguished gentlemen from Augusta and that vicinity came to visit the family of Gen. Green. In the course of their visit they fell into a conversation upon the progress of agriculture among them, and the talk turning as a matter of course upon cotton, they expressed their regret that there was no method by which the seed could be separated from the green cotton, and that until such a machine were devised it would be impossible to think of raising cotton for market. At this juncture Mrs. Green entered, and overhearing the remark, said, "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend Mr. Whitney, he can do anything," at nearly the same moment showing them her new tambour frame. Soon after she introduced the gentlemen to young Whitney, and on naming their object to him he replied that he had never seen either cotton or cotton seed in his life. But little more was said about it at the time, yet the remark had made an impression upon his mind, and given his thoughts a turn which no one of the company has suspected. It being out of season for cotton in the seed, Mr. Whitney went to Savannah and searched the boats and warehouses until he obtained a small sample of the desired article. Carrying this to Mrs. Green's, he took an unfrequented room in the basement of the house and set himself at work. Finally, towards the close of the winter, his hours of weary study and labor had proved successful, for the machine was so nearly finished as to leave no doubts of its successful working. Mrs. Green, ready and eager to inform her friends of the triumph of this important invention, invited to her house eminent gentlemen from different parts of the State, and there in a temporary building which had been erected for its reception, they saw the machine work, and were astonished and delighted to see that more cotton could be separated from the seed in one day by the labor of a single hand, than could be done in many months by the former method. Such in brief, are the facts and incidents connected with the history and invention of this most remarkable machine. Like most other public benefactors, however, Mr. Whitney was obliged to struggle against the most disastrous difficulties, and the marauders upon his patent right, were numerous and audacious. In a letter written to Robert Fulton—with whom Mr. Whitney was in correspondence—he uses this language:

"The difficulties with which I have had to contend, have originated principally in the want of a disposition in mankind to do justice. My invention was new and distinct from every other; it stood alone. It was not interwoven with anything before known; and it can seldom happen that an invention or improvement is so strongly marked, and can be so clearly and specifically identified; and I have always believed that I should have had no difficulty in causing my rights to be respected, if it had been less valuable, and been used only by a small portion of the community. But the use of the machine being immensely profitable to almost every planter in the cotton districts, all were interested in trespassing upon the patent right, and each kept the other in countenance. Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation and unfounded claims, both against the right, and against the law made for its protection; and hence there arose associations and combinations to resist both. At one time, but few men in Georgia dared to come into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, I had great difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia, although at the same moment there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near thrt the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court-house."

In December 1807, Mr. Whitney won a suit in the United States Court held in Georgia, against one of the many infringements upon his patent right. At that time Judge Johnson, in an eloquent and celebrated decision, paid the following tribute to the inventor and the importance of his machine:

"With regard to the utility of this discovery, the court would deem it a waste of time to dwell upon this fruitful topic. Is there a man who hears us who has not experienced its utility?—The whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them, which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off, our capitals have increased, our lands trebled themselves in value, and we cannot express the weight of obligation which the country owes to this noble invention."

Towards the close of his life, Mr. Whitney established at New Haven, the first manufactory of fire arms ever started in this country, upon a new and improved plan of his own invention. This enterprise proved successful, and he was enabled to amass that fortune, which should in earlier years have been the fruits of his first invention. He died in that city in Jan., 1825. The following is inscribed upon his monument:

"The Inventor of the Cotton Gin,
Of Useful Sciences and Arts, the efficient patron and Improver."

When we remember how boastingly Southern orators and writers have spoken of the beautiful cotton crop, as giving to them a superiority over the North, and as furnishing so much to the wealth and prosperity of the entire country, we can but notice that no allusion is ever made to the machine invented by a New England genius, without which, their resources would have remained undeveloped, their negroes laid idle, and their trade of but little importance. The invention of the cotton gin developed and brought out the wealth of the South, and indirectly at least, was the cause of this great rebellion. And it is also somewhat remarkable that at the armory establishment by the inventor of the cotton gin, his own son is now manufacturing arms for the purpose of putting down the war which his father's invention indirectly created.

☞ Mr. Joel Spaulding, of Centre Sidney, has our thanks for a dish of apples, of the variety known as the Massachusetts Baldwin. They are of large size, and, for the season, in a good state of preservation.

Large Lamb. Mr. John C. Nealey of Wintergport, writes us that he has a lamb that weighed when one day old 13¼ lbs., and when ten days old, 18¼ lbs.

Eighty Years Since.

Yorktown is destined to live in our history with an increased reputation and interest. Eighty-one years ago it became the theatre of a brilliant engagement between the American forces under Washington, and the British troops under Lord Cornwallis, which action closed the war of the Revolution, and Yorktown became a household word to the Union, and a sort of Mecca to which the curious in historical lore, and the searcher of legends and relics of battle-fields used to resort.

Gen. Greene, the Quaker soldier, the year previous, had been sent to take charge of the American forces in the Southern States, then overrun by the British, and too full then as now of tories. With a force of less than two thousand men, with only *three* days' provision in the camp and a pitiful supply of clothing, he assumed the command, and such was his energy and skill that without coming to any direct engagement more than once or twice, he kept Cornwallis and his subordinates in full chase during the season, and finally worried him so completely that he was glad to go into winter quarters.

His superior officer, Gen. Clinton, at New York, expecting an attack, called for some of his troops, and advised him to make a stand in Portsmouth, but on examining the several localities he thought Yorktown preferable, and accordingly made that place his station. Clinton having received reinforcements from England, countermanded the order for Cornwallis' men, and directed him to retain them and remain at Portsmouth in order to co-operate with the expected fleet from England, but as we before said, he preferred Yorktown and removed there with his entire army, and proceeded to throw up entrenchments to secure his position.

About this time, Washington, with his troops were on the Hudson at the Highlands. The French troops were at Newport under Rochambeau. Word came that a French fleet under De Grasse with troops was approaching to our aid. Washington directed that it should come to New York, and laid his plans to surround New York by a union of his troops, with Rochambeau's on the land side and DeGrasse's fleet on the sea side, and thus conquer Clinton in his stronghold. All his arrangements were made, and every day the attack was expected when he received word from DeGrasse that it was not his intention to come to New York, but go to the Chesapeake, and that he could not stay even there long. This knocked all Washington's plans into pi, as the printers say, and filled him (so say those who were with him) with the utmost grief and distress. "His attendants," says one historian, "were obliged to leave him, and shut up in his own chamber, he gave way for a while to the uncontrollable excitement of his feelings." He soon however recovered, and looking over the whole ground he thought he saw that Providence offered him yet another opportunity for success by marching to Yorktown, and with the aid of DeGrasse's fleet entrap Cornwallis instead of Clinton. This plan he immediately put into operation. He accordingly took pains to impress Clinton with the belief that he was in danger of an attack any hour.

This held him still in New York, while Washington hastened with his forces to Yorktown. The details of the seige need not be here repeated. Great and successful and full of splendid results as they were, they were a mere skirmish to what is now in preparation on that same historic ground at this moment.

Clinton's forces delivered over to Washington, exclusive of seamen, were but little more than seven thousand, and Washington's forces including the French and the militia were about sixteen thousand.

The taking of Yorktown then was virtually the ending of the first Revolution. The taking of it now will virtually end the first Rebellion.

The joy which the triumph of the patriots under Washington excited was so great that some actually died in consequence of the excitement it induced. We hope that no death but that of secession and some of its authors will result from the second conquest of Yorktown which we confidently look for in a short time. God speed the right.

That Experiment in Planting Potatoes. We call attention once more to the proposed experiment, suggested by the Board of Agriculture as given in the *Farmer* of April 24th. By some mishap, an error was made in stating *the distance between the hills*. It should read as follows:

Select a piece of land, of uniform quality as near as may be; manure the whole equally: (each experimenter to determine the kind and amount of manure and the manner of its application for himself;) divide the piece into four equal lots, lay out the whole in rows three feet apart; plant the first lot in hills three feet apart in the *rows*.

Plant the second lot in hills *two feet* apart in the rows.

Plant the thin lot in hills *one and a half feet* apart in the rows.

Plant the fourth lot in hills *one foot* apart in the rows.

This it will be seen gives the distance of the third lot to be one-half that of the first, and of the fourth to be one-half as great as the second. The amount of seed to be the same to the hill throughout—only one kind of seed to be used in the experiment. To be reported to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, (at Saco,) or at the next meeting of the Board at Augusta. G.

Population of Canada. The Halifax (N. S.) *Sun*, gives statistics showing the increase of population in Canada for the nine years between 1852 and 1861. In 1852 the population was 1,842,265; and in 1861 it was 2,505,755. This increase is at a ratio of 36.07 per cent. The *Sun* says:—

"It is quite apparent that a period has been reached in the history of Canada when the growth of its population has become, as in this Province, mainly dependent on the laws of *natural increase;* and that the increasement from the influx of emigrants forms but a small proportion of the whole." The Canadian government, foreseeing that immigration to our own country would be much less than formerly, on account of the rebellion, have dispatched agents to Europe to advise and assist emigrants in determining favorable points in their province to locate.

The Channings. We have not had time to read the advance copy of this novel, which has been sent us by the publishers. It is an English Story of Domestic Life, by the author of "The Earl's Heirs," "East Lynne," and other popular works of this class. This last is highly commended by Dr. Mackenzie, literary editor of Forney's Press, and by other literary journals. It is published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, at 50 cents per copy, and sent by mail on receipt of the price.

The Knickerbocker. The May issue of this magazine has been received. It still retains its purely literary character, and the contents in this number are such as will give the greatest satisfaction to the former friends of Old Knick. The "Table," although not so well supplied as under its former editor, is nevertheless quite racy and entertaining. New York, J. R. Gilmore, 332 Broadway. Terms $3.00 per year.

Blackwood's Magazine for April. Contents: Caxtoniana, part 3; The Lives of Two Ladies; Political Tragedies in Japan; A Box of Books; Works of Charles Lever; The International Exhibition, its Purpose and Prospects; Chronicles of Carlingford, part 3; Spencer's American Union. Republished by L. Scott, & Co., New York, at $3 per annum.

☞ The Maine *Evanglist* has been discontinued. The Christian *Mirror* is now the only Congregational paper in the State.

The Evacuation of Yorktown.

Last week New Orleans: this week Yorktown: next week—but we will not prophesy. Events will now transpire so thick and fast that to record them after, will be better than to speculate before; and far more satisfactory.

The rebels have left Yorktown! They probably desired to make another proof of the old adage,

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

But they, even, did not do the first; they run without fighting! But why did they run? Because they knew full well they *must run*, or suffer an overwhelming defeat. They also knew about the time when they would have to make tracks with their heels towards Little Mac., if they were to make them at all. They did not like the prospect of having six-hundred *things* within range of them, sending three hundred shells a minute into their works, and so they decamped:—leaving all their seige guns, with large quantities of other ordnance, ammunition, stores, &c., which fell into our hands. In short, they left because they were completely outgeneraled! The science of warfare did it!

Notwithstanding various opinions to the contrary, we regard the event as one of the most brilliant achievements of modern warfare; certainly the most brilliant of the rebellion. Who does not love a bloodless victory, when so much is conquered? Where are the fathers, mothers, wives, friends, of our Maine boys at Yorktown, if not in solemn prayer to the God of battles, in view of the glorious achievments of the hour? And are there not thousands of others whose hearts ascend in thankfulness that the victory was only a bloodless one?

"I shall push the enemy to the wall!" And this our gallant commander will do. To West Point by York river is only 25 miles, from West Point to Richmond is not much farther. Our gunboats, cavalry, and light artillery, are now on the heel of the retiring foe! The rebels shall be pushed to the wall! They will soon find the *last ditch!*

Under our usual War Record will be found a summary of the most important transactions of the week, to which our readers are referred.

The State Library. The improvements at the State House are nowhere so plainly noticeable as in the library. The new arrangement and classification of the books, which has been made under direction of the accomplished librarian, Geo. G. Stacy, Esq., not only facilitates ready access to the desired volume, but gives the whole room a more orderly and imposing appearance. The books are arranged in the different alcoves, according to subjects—a very good plan for small collections, but the system of arranging them in alphabetical order, is far preferable for large libraries, and is the plan generally adopted by them. Then, no regard is paid to subjects, or the size of volumes—but they are arranged on the shelves, alphabetically, by authors' names. So in wishing to find a particular volume, the name of the author furnishes the key to the work and it is found as readily as a word in the Dictionary. The printed catalogue of the library is then made alphabetically, the author's name, not the subject, forming the leading word. This method is undoubtedly the best, and we hope some such a plan will, ere long be adopted with our own library. Such a noble collection of books—over 20,000 volumes—should have a systematic and carefully prepared catalogue—for the library itself becomes of but little value if ready access cannot at once be had to any volume, report, pamphlet, official document or memoir, which it contains. Now that a new catalogue is soon to be prepared, we wish the subject of having a *good one*, could receive the attention of the proper authorities.

☞ We learn from the Belfast *Journal*, that Lieut. Burd, of the 14th Maine, who was seriously wounded at Bull Run, and afterwards imprisoned at Richmond six months, has been released, and is now at his home in that city. He was wounded by a ball which struck him in the forehead and split against the skull, one-half going under the scalp to the back of the head, and the other passing through the skull lodging against the inner plate. The latter half remained in his head during his imprisonment, the wound not healing. After his release it was extracted by an army surgeon at Fort Monroe. There were pieces of bone adhereing to the ball when it was extracted. Lieut. B. now has it in his possession.

Our New Iron Navy. Government has lately taken active measures in providing itself with a powerful iron navy. The Monitor, Naugatuck, (the Steven's battery)—Vanderbilt, with an iron covered bow—and the Galena, are at Fortress Monroe; the latter vessel in splendid fighting trim. The frigate Roanoke is now being iron plated at the Brooklyn navy yard. Besides these, the Kensington, an iron clad vessel of 3500 tons, is being rapidly completed at Philadelphia. There are also six vessels on the pattern of the Monitor, but much larger and more efficient, now building under contract in different places. We shall soon have a navy of first class iron vessels, which can sink all the Merrimacks of the rebels, and defy the whole fleets of England and France, iron clad though they be.

A Disaster to Co. I, 9th Maine. A correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser*, writing from Fernandina, Fla., gives some account of a disaster which occurred to Co. I, of the 9th Regiment. It seems that a deserter from the company, named Albert W. Lunt, of Hampden, had given the enemy information of the station of the pickets. They were attacked while guarding a house containing a prisoner, and Ansel Chase of South Sebec was killed, and Richard Webster, Orderly Sergeant, Corporal Bowman, and Isaac Whitney, Alonzo B. Merrill, Wesley Adams, and John Kent, taken prisoners. Lunt has been frequently in jail, and once in the State Prison. He was just out of jail for horse-steling, when he enlisted.

Whereabouts of Maine Regiments. The 1st Maine Cavalry is connected with Gen. Banks' Division. The 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, are under Gen. Butler, at New Orleans. The 10th is at Harper's Ferry on the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The 8th and 9th are at Fernandina, Fla. The 5th is with Gen. McDowell, and the 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 11th, are in Gen. McClellan's army now before Yorktown. The 11th, is we believe, at the mouth of Warwick river, which is an advanced position, and one of great responsibility.

Deaths in Maine Regiments. Among the deaths reported at Ship Island and at other points where our troops are stationed, we notice the names of the following belonging to Maine regiments. F. W. Whitney, Co. E, 1st Cavalry; H. J. H. Brainard, Co. B. 14th; E. H. Hamilton, Co. B, 14th. The following, all belonging to the 12th Maine, are among the deaths recently reported at Ship Island: J. H. Andrews, Co. D; Geo. A. Grant, Co. I; Eliphalet Wilber, Co. F; G. H. Libby, Co. C; John Chase, Co. G.

Bath Vessels at New Orleans. We learn from the *Times* that there are three Bath ships at New Orleans, (if they have not been destroyed), which were confiscated and sold by the rebels. The Ariel, belonging to G. F. & J. Patten; the American Union, belonging to W. V. & O. Moses, and the Milan, belonging to Houghton & Bros. If the port of New Orleans is in possession of the loyal troops, it is reasonable to suppose these ships will be restored to their rightful and loyal owners, and they may be among the first to take cargoes of cotton from that port.

Defences of our Northern Coast.

We are favored by Hon. Lot M. Morrill, with a document communicated to the Senate of the U. S. by Secretary Stanton, transmitting the report of Edwin F. Johnson, a distinguished civil engineer of Connecticut, upon the defences of the northern coast, made at the request of the Secretary of War. The Documents of our State, relating to our coast defences, were examined by Mr. Johnson, from which and from other sources he has presented an able and interesting report. Speaking first of the Ashburton treaty by which our State was deprived of part of her territory, and of the other attempts of Great Britian to make further encroachments, so as to reach her connection between the upper and lower provinces, and thereby enable her to have an open winter-port for upper provinces; he proceeds to speak of the position and defences of Portland, saying:

"We must in particular, strengthen the defences of Portland, so as to render it impregnable by land and by water. Other points need attention, but this one in particular should receive the greatest attention, not only because of its being the principal seaport of that region, and the terminus of the Canadian Grand Trunk line of Railway, but because of the necessity of having at least one point on that extended coast which shall be a shelter, a rallying point, and a depot for provisions and munitions, impregnable to any force which my be brought against it."

In speaking further of a plan for the defence of Portland, he regards it of the highest importance that ready and favorable access to the points defended, are had from the more central portions of the country. The existing lines of railroad by which Portland is accessible from the South is of much importance, but he urges the completion of a railroad from Bangor to the Aroostook and Madawaska, as a means of transporting troops, which in case of a war with England it will be necessary to send there to protect our large population. This protection, he says, can only be properly effected by a communication by railroad east and north from Bangor; and he urges government aid for the purpose of inducing individual action in prosecution of the work.

Other important suggestions in connection with the defence of our coast are given, which will doubtless receive the attention of those whose business it is to look after the welfare of the State in this particular. Alluding to the bill introduced by Senator Morrill, asking for government aid for the above mentioned purpose, and referring to the simplicity and practical character of the bill, he says:

"It vests in the President a discretion which, from his known character, the nation will feel confident, will be exercised for the best interests of the country, and which is no more than is due to the chief of our military force. It gives to him a power which seems to be needed at this time to check a threatened encroachment by a nation whose past history is replete with repeated aggressions upon the rights of others—a nation which has been treated by us with uniform justice, and towards which our own conduct has been invariably such as to afford no sufficient ground of offence."

Rewards to Maine Seamen. Among the rewards lately made by her British Majesty's Government for saving life at sea, the following is a list of Maine captains who received testimonials:

To Captain L. C. Blair of the ship Brazil, of Richmond, a sextant, for his humanity in rescuing the crew of the schooner Mary Ann Gann, of Faversham, abandoned 7th October last.

To Capt. Thos. L. Libby, of the American brig Young Republic, a telescope, in testimony of this humanity and kindness to the crew of the schooner Nourmahal, of Digby, N. S., which foundered at sea on the 17th November last.

To Capt. Oscar R. Perry, of the bark Ephraim Williams, of New York, a sextant, in testimony of his humanity to the crew of the bark Alice, of Hull, wrecked off Lyon Island, on the coast of Patagonia, on the 4th October last.

To Capt. Nowell, of the ship Tropic, a telescope, in testimony of his humanity in rescuing the crew of the Village Belle, of Yarmouth, N. S., abandoned at sea 6th January last.

To Capt. Dudley Young, of the bark Diligence of Portland, a telescope, in testimony of his humanity and kindness to the crew and pilot of the schooner Neptune, of St. John, N. B., whom he rescued from their waterlogged vessel in January last.

To Capt. T. Thurlow, of the bark Lucy Ring, a gold watch and chain, for his humanity to the crew of the bark Kenmore, of Pictou, N. S., abandoned at sea 25th December last.

An Incident. The steamer *Augusta*, made her first trip from Waterville, to this place on Thursday last, (May-day) bringing down a pleasure party. When returning, and just before reaching the bridge, Charles Sloper, a young man belonging to the party, in attempting to ascend to the upper deck, missed his hold and fell backward into the river. The small boat was lowered, and the steamer run ashore. Meantime, two other boats were manned from the wharf below, and he was rescued after having been in the water some ten or fifteen minutes. He was an excellent swimer or he would not have been saved.

Grand Division S. of T. By the annual report of the Grand Scribe of Maine, presented at the recent quarterly session of the Sons of Temperance in Maine, held at Kendall's Mills, it appears that there are 188 Divisions in the State with a membership of 8,920 and 13,188 visitors. The number of public temperance meetings reported by the Divisions is 88, of temperance tracts distributed, 1,154, and of members in the army, 1,753. Three new Divisions have been instituted the past quarter, viz: Father Mathew, No. 29, at St. George; Monitor, No. 61, at Damariscotta, Auburn, No. 68, at Auburn. The session and was largely attended and of unusual interest.

☞ It has been recently discovered that an extensive business has been carried on in mutilating the $10 treasury notes. The different parts are cut or torn from different notes, and the pieces are ingeniously pasted together so as to make eleven notes from ten. The attention of Government has been called to it, and it is decided that the only effectual way of checking the evil, is not to redeem any note at par unless it is whole, and to deduct one dollar for every tenth part of a note torn off, and in that proportion for larger amounts removed.

☞ The Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* thus compliments the patriotic citizens of Augusta, who so promptly responded to the claims of humanity:

We have received from the loyal and noble citizens of Augusta, Me., a check for two hundred and thirty dollars as a contribution to the necessities of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. These noble people have responded most gloriously to the call of duty. How many in other parts of the country will emulate their example?

Another Powder Mill Explosion. The Oriental Powder Works at Gorham and Windham, blew up on Thursday last, between five and six o'clock, P. M., the workmen being at supper. There were eight buildings which exploded successively. The machinery was thrown hither and thither; some of it into the river, and some at a great distance from the mills. There were 200 barrels of powder in the buildings. The origin of the explosion is unknown.

☞ The Buckfield Powder Mills, owned by J. C. Marble, Esq., of Paris, exploded soon after 9 o'clock A. M., the 28th ult. The shock was so great as to be distinctly felt at Lewiston, twenty miles distant, rattling the windows and crockery in the houses.

☞ A salute of thirty-four guns was fired from the State House at noon, to-day (Monday,) in honor of the evacuation of Yorktown.

☞ It is reported that Col. Neal Dow of the 13th Maine Volunteers has been nominated a Brigadier General.

☞ The Second Battery (Tillson's) fully armed and equipped, is near Aquia Creek.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

BENEATH THE SEA.

I loved thee well and thou art coldly lying
In all thy beauty 'neath the ocean wave,
While round thee sea-weeds cling, and chill winds sighing
Breathe a sad requiem o'er thy distant grave.

I loved thee well! Why didst thou ever doubt me?
My heart is breaking when I think of thee,
Despair is clinging like a chain about me
I, I am here and thou beneath the sea.

Beneath the sea! O, cruel, treacherous billows,
Why didst thou claim my darling for thy prey?
Would he were sleeping 'neath yon drooping willows,
Where I might go and weep my life away.

I loved thee well, and memory brings before me
Days that are past when I was loved by thee,
Now bitter mocking thoughts are rushing o'er me,
How can I live, and thou beneath the sea?

I loved thee well, but closely wrapped about me
Was the chill icy mantle woman's pride;
I could not bear that one I loved should doubt me,
And from thy words I coldly turned aside.

They were but just I own with bitter weeping,
It was but right that thou shouldst know my heart;
But O, I would not yield when slowly creeping
Came the stern conviction that we must part.

I would not tell thee that I loved thee only,
That others were as naught compared with thee—
I've gaily smiled and none have dreamed how lonely
These long and weary years have been to me.

But through them all one star has gleamed above me,
Lighting the darkness, soothing every pain—
'Twas this—with all my faults that thou didst love me,
And I have hoped that we might meet again.

But now my hopes are crushed, for thou art lying
In all thy beauty 'neath the ocean wave,
While round thee sea-weeds cling, and chill winds sighing
Breathe a sad requiem o'er thy distant grave.

How can I bear this grief? Father in Heaven
Reach forth thy hand and draw me nearer thee,
Through all these years for earthly love I've striven,
And now—my darling lies beneath the sea.

Fannie A. Stockman.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from the First Maine Cavalry.

Camp Allen, Great Cacapon, Morgan Co., Va., April, 1862.

Mr. Editor:—Being once a reader of the *Farmer*, (as well as a subscriber,) and also a lover of the Army Correspondence, I thought you or the readers might wish to hear a word from some of the companies of the 1st Maine Cavalry. It would be proper to state the positions of all the companies, but it is beyond my power, being only acquainted with the location of four companies, namely, Co. A, M, B and H. Co. M at Harper's Ferry, Co. A at Martinsburg, Co. H at Hancock, and Co. B at Great Cacapon. all on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroads, each company have a company of infantry; three of our companies have a company of the 54th Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, Col. Campbell. Co. M have the 10th Maine or one of the companies, the infantry, to guard the railroad and bridges by day and night, while the companies of cavalry scout the neighborhood and places of rebel resorts.

Co. B, is commanded by Jonathan P. Cilley, and Wm. P. Coleman, 1st Lieutenant, F. M. Cutler, 2d Lieutenant. We were ordered here from Washington, on Sunday March 20, and arrived at the above named place Saturday April 3d, at 12 M. On Sunday we pitched our tents on the west side of the Potomac, 33 miles north-west of Harper's Ferry. To give you or the readers of the *Farmer*, a tasty description of this renowned place, is far beyond my power. But let me say that Togus is a palace, or Belgrade could be justly called a heaven or a land of delights. Talk about rocks and mountains in the Pine Tree State, or rough land, and homely women, (God bless them,) let me be a native of my prided State. The land through here is very broken and rocky; some of our boys hint now and then something about this being the last place made in creation, and that Co. B has come out here to finish it; you would think so, Mr. Editor, could you see us the way we are bringing in the rebels.

April the 7th, Lt. Cutler, by the way a young man of promise, who is an officer of good qualities, and respected by his company, was sent out with ten men under his command, by Capt. Cilley, to scout in the county of Frederic some 30 miles from here in a section of rebels, and returned the 8th, with two prisoners, one rifle, two muskets and two pistols; one of the rebels being a Postmaster under the new Southern Confederacy.

Monday the 14th, Lt. Coleman was ordered out with a party of twelve men; Tuesday the 15th, he sent in two prisoners, two rifles, two horses, one musket, made in Richmond, Va. The rifles were also made at Richmond, with the inscription of J. Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, 1862. This rifle was taken from a man who reports himself as Chaplain in one of the rebel regiments though he stated that he was forced into the army. Summing up the men captured, gives us the number of seven prisoners, and ten horses. The prisoners are taken to headquarters and tried and if not proved guilty, are made to take the oath of allegiance and allowed to depart and go their way.

The rebels have destroyed much property here, and all through this section of country tearing up railroads, running cars and engines off the track, burning buildings, &c. Harper's Ferry is a complete wreck; it is enough to make a Yankee hate them beyond imagination to see their fiendish works, and at Martinsburg, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, here we counted the net sum of forty railroad engines which have been tested by the fiery flames of secesh hands. Miles of the railroad track torn up, and rocks blown from some projecting rock overhead, and telegraph posts cut down. Besides doing this they committed theft upon the Union man, not only taking his grain, but his stock, leaving him to share the best he could. At Bath, a place of summer resort, some four miles from our camp, Jackson passed through the village and completely pillaged the whole village, entering the hotel taking what he wanted and destroyed that he did not want; and wherever this notorious rascal went he drove before him cattle, and took the Union man's money, robbing the poor and committing depredations which are not proper to speak. This the poor old farmer could tell you, his eye speaking at the same time, anger keeping back words that he dare not utter. But this game is played out, Mr. Jackson has now got some of *Maine's* favorite sons to deal with—we come out here to deal justly and try our hands at shooting; and we say look out man of *secesh*, you've got some hard men to contend with, we ask no quarters, and we'll give none—we're going to wipe out this little matter and go home and pay our debts, and be honest and make you so to.

We shall soon start out now to capture a guerrilla party, some fifty miles from here, and if we return safe, will give you or the readers of the *Farmer* a description of our travels and more about the enemy.

We have not suffered here with cold weather, but for a few days past we have felt the heat of the sun very much, or as the natives here call it, right smart. The health of our company and all in our division, or Major Douty's, upon this line is very good.

There is an immense business done upon this railroad, carrying freight from Cumberland, or from Wheeling through Cumberland to Washington. We count sometimes from thirty-six to forty cars, loaded with coal and beef cattle—four and five trains after one another, not ten minutes interval. Peach trees are in bloom here indicating that summer is near and making us think of the good mellow peach that we shall eat. Farmers are busy—grass is getting so that our horses can have a good baiting now and then and enjoy some of the luxuries as well as we hope to by-and-by. Our boys are in good spirits and all ready for any emergency. We are well officered and not a man among us but is ready to lay down his life, if needs be, for his country and the homes of the loved ones. As time is precious, and having other duties to perform I will close this tedious letter and in my next will endeavor to impart something more tasty, and till then, God bless you all. I. B. H.

Latest Telegraphic News.

FROM McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

Our Forces within Ten Miles of Williamsburg!

List of Ordnance Captured at Yorktown.

BUTLER'S ARMY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Near Williamsburg May 4—P. M.

The advance of the forces under command of Gen. Stoneman, with the view of ascertaining the position of the enemy, reached this place, two and a half miles from Williamsburg, about 2 o'clock this afternoon, on the road from Yorktown. Capt. Gibbon's reserve battery was ordered to the front to open on the approaching cavalry, with a portion of the sixth cavalry, were deployed as skirmishers to the right and left. The fire from the battery was very effective on the enemy's cavalry, but never changed their course. About 200 yards to the right of Gibbon's battery was an earthwork which had all the appearance of being deserted, when all of a sudden our troops were opened upon by a deadly fire from artillery posted behind the works. At the same time the rebel cavalry continued advancing until they were checked by a charge made by a portion of the 1st and 6th cavalry, which was performed in a most admirable manner.

Capt. Gibbons had 14 horses killed; Lieut. De Wolf mortally wounded. One gun was lost by sticking fast in the mud.

Gen. Hancock's brigade soon after arrived, but it was deemed advisable to defer further operations until tomorrow.

We have information that the enemy are still on the retreat beyond Williamsburg. The rear guard of the enemy is very strong, as was shown to-day.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, May 4—11.30 A. M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton Secretary of War:

An inspection just made shows that the rebels abandoned in their works at Yorktown, two 3-inch rifled cannon, two 44-inch rifled cannon, sixteen 32-pounders, six 42-pounders, nineteen 8-inch columbiads, four 9-inch Dahlgreens, one 10-inch columbiad, one 10-inch mortar and one 8-inch siege howitzer, with carriages and implements complete, each piece supplied with 76 rounds of ammunition. On the ramparts there are also four magazines, which have not yet been examined. This does not include the guns left at Gloucester Point and their other works to our left.

(Signed) G. B. McClellan,
Major General Commanding.

Chicago, 5th. A special to the *Times* from Cairo to-day says that a refugee from Memphis brings the news of the occupation of Baton Rouge by the Federal forces, and the passage up the river of the gunboats.

General Butler's army had landed at New Orleans. An immense amount of cotton had been discovered and seized. The Union citizens had held a meeting, which was attended by numbers, indulging in the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy.

The Record of the War.

The Occupation of New Orleans.

Chicago April 29. A special dispatch to the *Times* from Fort Wright 28th, says; "From deserters I learn that New Orleans is now in Capt. Porter's quiet possession. The Federal fleet passed Fort Jackson on Thursday, after a desperate naval engagement, in which one vessel was sunk and several badly damaged. It is supposed that the Federal loss is very heavy. The rebel loss was 60 killed and 184 wounded. The engagement lasted part of two days. The Federals took possession of the city without a struggle.

On Friday the rebel force evacuated the city, after destroying all the steamers which they had no use for. They took with them the greater part of the military stores in the city. The Union citizens were very jubilant. The rebel strength at Fort Wright is stated by intelligent deserters at 8000 men, under Gen. Villipique, who has not been superceded as reported. They have seven batteries, mounting twenty-six guns.

Washington, April 29. The following dispatch was received here at 10 o'clock P. M.

From Yorktown—Preparations for the Siege going on.

Headquarters of the Potomac, Before Yorktown, April 29.

To the Associated Press:

Our earthworks are beginning to present a very formidable appearance to the enemy, and all day yesterday, and last night, they kept up a brisk fire on them, with a view to driving the men out. Occassionally a shell would come so close as to make it unpleasant, when the men would lay close to the ground until it had passed over. No one was injured, and the work progressed as though no enemy were within range.

This morning the enemy opened with increased vigor for about three hours, from their batteries near the river, but receiving no answer they ceased.

Yesterday Gen. Hancock went out with a portion of his brigade for the purpose of driving the enemy from a piece of timber which they occupied in close proximity to our works. Our troops advanced, through an open fire, on their hands and knees until they came within close musket range.

The rebels, who were secreted behind stumps and trees, were anxious to get our men on their feet; and to accomplish this the captain in command of the enemy shouted at the height of his voice to "charge bayonets," supposing that our frightened troops would instantly jump to their feet and run. But they were mistaken in the men. The command being given a second time, the rebels arose, when our troops poured into them a well directed fire, causing them to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded to be cared for afterward.

During the skirmish a new battery which the rebels had erected during Sunday night, and which interfered with a working party of our men, was most effectually silenced and the guns dismantled.

Later from Pittsburg Landing—Our Lines in Motion.

Cairo, April 29. The steamer Bacon, which left Pittsburg last evening, has arrived.

Generals Halleck, Buell and Grant have moved their headquarters to near the front of our lines, and personally superintend all details attending the advance of the whole force, orders for which are daily expected.

Gen. Pope's division advanced four miles on Sunday, and are now encamped in sight of the enemy's camp fires.

Pickets occassionally exchange shots.

A late arrival reports our whole army moving forward slowly. Contrabands and deserters come within our lines and report the previous statements that Corinth is being evacuated.

Pittsburg, Tenn., April 29. There was heavy firing across Lick Creek this morning, caused by artillery practice by our advanced guards, who after slight skirmishing, in which we captured several prisoners, occupied Pea Ridge. At 9 o'clock we occupied Montery, 12 or 14 miles from Corinth.

A very intelligent sailor of Boston, who deserted from the rebels this side of Corinth reports that the capture of New Orleans was generally known in the rebel camp on the morning of the 27th. He also states that on the 18th the time of two Louisiana regiments, enlisted for twelve months, expired, but by the new conscription law they were required to serve two years longer.

On being so informed both regiments laid down their arms and refused to fight, when Beauregard detailed four regiments to guard them as prisoners. It was not known by the rebels that Gen. Halleck is in command here, but the general impression among them was that Gen. Buell is, and that our army is retreating to Nashville.

News from the South.

Cairo April 30. A refugee from Memphis has arrived here bringing Memphis papers of the 26th. The papers say that Southern people are fast losing all confidence in the river defences, and that it is generally admitted that the Federal army can no longer be successfully resisted, and also intimates a lack of confidence in the stability of the Southern Confederacy, by advising its patrons to invest whatever money they have in real estate while purchasers can be made by the money now in circulation, which is principally rebel treasury notes.

The conscription law is rigidly enforced and Union men are secreting themselves or flying to avoid its operations.

The refugee says that merchants of avowed Southern proclivities are removing their goods to places of concealment and security, and that a large number of families are moving away daily. The idea of burning the town is abandoned in consequence of the determined opposition of the property holders.

It is currently reported in Memphis that Beauregard has over 80,000 men at Corinth, but no hope is felt of his successfully resisting Gen. Halleck, who is believed to have 20,000 men.

As our informant left Memphis it was reported that the rebel gunboat fleet from New Orleans was in sight, and bound up the river to join Hollis' fleet.

A steamer just arrived from Pittsburg reports a serious skirmish between the advance of the Federal army, 5000 strong, and a large body of rebels, five miles from Corinth. Our troops were victorious. No mention is made of the losses on either side. The Federals took a large number of prisoners. Candonading was still heard when the steamer left.

Later from Fort Wright—Com. Foote Ready to Meet the Enemy.

Chicago, April 30. A special disp

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

ro desperate and wretched a renegade as would dare to profane with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspirations. Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword. I doubt not that they spring from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them. You have a gallant people to administrate during the occupancy of this city—a people sensitive to all that can in the least effect their dignity and self-respect. Pray, sir, do not fail to regard their susceptibilities. The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong.

In conclusion, I beg you to understand that the people of New Orleans, while unable to resist your force, do not allow themselves to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of our cause in the mighty struggle, which we are engaged, or such as might remind them too forcibly that they are the conquered and yours the conquerors. Peace and order may be preserved without resort to measures which I could not at this moment prevent. Your occupying the city does not transfer allegiance from the government of their choice to one, which they have deliberately repudiated, and they yield the obedience which the conqueror is entitled to extort from the conquered.

Respectfully,
JOHN F. MONROE, Mayor.

From Pittsburg Landing---Our Troops Occupy Purdy.

CAIRO, Ill., May 1. A reconnoisance in force was made yesterday morning from the right wing, four miles this side of Purdy, on the Memphis & Ohio Railroad. They met a force of rebel cavalry who fled in great haste, and could not be rallied. They were pursued to Purdy. Our forces, on taking the town, burnt two bridges and run a locomotive into the river. Three prisoners were taken. Our forces then retired, having cut off all railroad communication with the country north of Corinth, which has been a great source of rebel supplies.

From New Mexico---The Rebels abandon Santa Fe.

ST. LOUIS, May 1. Mr. Mitchell, a merchant of New Mexico, who arrived here yesterday, confirms the abandonment of Sante Fe by the rebels, who are retreating as fast as they can from the territory. They are destitute of munitions and provisions, and there is no hope of their being supplied from any quarter. At Sante Fe the rebels levied heavily on the merchants, in some cases taking as high as $15,000 worth of goods and paying them in Confederate scrip. It was believed that Gen. Canby would now follow the rebels and drive them out of the territory. No doubt exists of the ability of the Federal troops to keep out the invaders but an accession of two or three regiments is necessary to keep the Apaches and Navajoes in subjection. They have been committing depredations for months past, stealing horses, mules and everything that came in their way.

Evacuation of Corinth by Beauregard---He falls back on Memphis.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 1. *To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:* I have just received a dispatch from Brig. Gen. Mansfield to the effect that five negroes have arrived from Portsmouth. The contrabands report that Fort Macon surrendered on Friday last. Eighteen rebels were killed and twenty-seven wounded. Gen. Beauregard has evacuated Corinth and falls back on Memphis. The Merrimac lies off the Marine Hospital at Craney Island, fast to the buoy. She now mounts twelve guns. There are no other steamers there.
(Signed) JOHN E. WOOL, Maj. Gen.

From Yorktown---Our Batteries open on the Rebels.

Battery No. 1, at the mouth of Wormley's creek, and commanding the rebel water batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester, opened yesterday afterday noon on the enemy's shipping, at a range of about two miles. The first shot, which was followed in rapid succession by others, caused the rebel vessels to hastily retreat out of range. No damage is supposed to have been done to them, as the range had not been obtained.

The guns were then directed toward the works at Yorktown and Gloucester, with the view of getting a reply. They were not long kept waiting when a large pivot gun on the heights of Yorktown sent a messenger, which caused every one to jump for the intrenchments.

This firing was now kept up quite briskly for two hours from both sides with no damage as far as we were concerned, although some of their shells came too close to make it pleasant. The accuracy of our gunners, this being the first attempt with new siege pieces, was acknowledged by competent judges to be most admirable.

Some of our shells were seen to explode directly over the enemy's parapets, which a moment before were lined with men. About sixty shots were fired from our 100 and 200-pounders Parrott guns during the afternoon. What damage the enemy sustained is not known.

Bombardment of Yorktown Hights---Bursting of a Rebel Gun.

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 2—2 o'clock P. M.

[From the Correspondent of the Associated Press.]

The rebels opened this morning with their rifled columbiad 68-pounder, placed on the hights of Yorktown. Our No. 1 battery of 100 and 200-pounder Parrotts was then brought to bear upon the only gun which has given us any trouble, our shots falling over and around it with every prospect of its being dismounted very soon, when, on its 23d discharge, the enemy's gun burst into a thousand pieces, tearing up the parapet and making havoc with the crowd who were collected around it at the time.

No less than ten persons were standing on the parapet within six feet of it, besides those who were hid from view by the works. The destruction of life must have been considerable. This is the only gun which the rebels have shown to be capable of doing the No. 1 battery any harm.

All firing on their side now ceased, while our guns were manned with renewed vigor, and their shells directed into the town. About 100 shots were fired by our guns up to 2 o'clock this afternoon, when, as if by mutual consent, they all ceased,

Com. Tatnall Resigns.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 2. Three refugees from Norfolk, who left last night in a row-boat, arrived half past seven this morning. There is little news except a repetition of previous reports. Commodore Tatnall received sealed orders on Monday and sailed, but on opening them in Elizabeth river found that he was ordered to run the blockade and proceed to Norfolk and immediately resigned his commission, together with his chief officers.

Reported Capture of Baton Rouge.

CHICAGO, May 2. A special dispatch to the *Tribune* from Cairo to-day says: From the fleet we learn of the capture of Baton Rouge and the Confederate Arsenal.

From Pittsburg Landing.

CAIRO, May 2. The news from Pittsburg Landing is of the highest importance. Its transmission over the wires is prohibited.

Memphis papers of the 29th say that, at a meeting held night before last it was concluded to burn the city in case of the approach of the Federal fleet.

The papers urgently call on the people to reinforce Price at Fort Wright as the only hope and salvation of the city.

The Capture of Fort Macon.

BALTIMORE, May 3. Shells from the ten and eight-inch mortar batteries followed, and the firing on our side at once became regular and uninterrupted. The fort replied with its first gun at 6 o'clock, and continued, until its pieces were silenced, to fire by salvos of three and four at a time, until 4 in the afternoon, when the white flag was hoisted.

The gunboats Daylight, State of Georgia, Chippewa and Gemsbok took part in the engagement, sailing in the form of an eclipse and firing by turn; but the heavy sea prevented their doing any service and they soon withdrew. Gen. Burnside arrived on Thursday with two armed barges and witnessed the bombardment. The fire of our batteries demolished 13 guns and tore up the glacis and ramparts in a most savage manner. Of 1100 shot and shell thrown at the fort 560 struck the work. The guns of the fort were worked with skill and courage, but the sand hills of our position afforded a complete protection to the men.

Fifty guns, 20,000 pounds powder, and shot and shell in proportion, 400 stand of arms, &c., were taked.

The Merrimac at Sewall's Point.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 4. The Merrimac made her appearance beyond Sewall's Point, at one o'clock to-day, She stopped off the Point, and up to this hour has not changed her location. She is not attended by any other gunboat as usual. It is supposed that it is not her intention to visit us to-day. The Monitor and other vessels of the naval fleet are all in readiness for action on short notice, and are hoping she will come down. The supposed design of the enemy is to endeavor to prevent any expedition up James River to cut off the retreat from Yorktown.

Rebel Evacuation of Yorktown! Capture of the Enemy's Material!

WASHINGTON, May 4—12.30 P. M. The following report has just been received from Fortress Monroe:

"Yorktown was evacuated last night. Our troops now occupy the enemy's works. The enemy left a large amount of camp equippage and guns which they could not destroy for fear of being seen."

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 4—9 A. M.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

We have the ramparts. Have guns, ammunition, camp equippage, &c. We hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong. I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit, supported by infantry. I move Franklin's division and as much more as I can transport by water to West Point to-day. No time shall be lost. I omitted to state that Gloucester is also in our possession. I shall push the enemy to the wall.

(Signed) G. B. McCLELLAN.
Major General.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 4—10 A. M.

[From the Army Correspondent of the Associated Press.] This morning at 5 o'clock, your correspondent entered the enemy's works, which the rear of their army deserted four hours before. Everything was found to be in utter confusion, as though they left in great haste. Between forty and fifty pieces of heavy artillery have been left on their works, after being spiked, together with a large amount of ammunition, medical stores, camp equipage and private property of their officers. A negro who was left in the town states that the rebels threw a large amount of ordnance stores into the river to prevent its falling into our hands.

Gen. Magruedr was said to have most strenuously opposed the order, saying that if they could not whip the Federals here, there was no other place in Virginia where they could; that he swore in the presence of his men, who vociferously cheered him, losing complete control of himself.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, the rebel Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Yorktown on Wednesday and immediately examined the works of Gen. McClellan, when he is supposed to have recommended the abandonment of the rebel works, deeming them untenable.

The deserters all agree in stating that their troops were very much demoralized and disheartened when the order to evacuate was made public as they all anticipated having an engagement at that point. They also agree that the rebels had 100,000 men on the peninsular, together with 400 pieces of field artillery.

From the best information received they have fallen back to Chickahominy Creek, beyond Williamsburg, where it is exbected they will make a stand.

Immediately on the fact of the evacuation becoming known the troops were ordered under arms and are now in motion from the right and left wings of the army. A large force, under command of Gen. Stoneman, consisting of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, are in the advance, and will probably come up with the rear of the enemy before night, if they remain near Williamsburg.

The gunboats have passed above Yorktown and all are now shelling the shore on the way up. Following them is a large steamer and other vessels loaded with troops, who will effect a landing.

Gen. Jameson and Col. Samuel Black were the first to enter the enemy's main works. The only casualty that occurred was the killing of two men and wounding of three by the explosion of a concealed shell within the enemy's works.

The works are very extensive, and show that they were designed by scientific engineers.

An official report just made to headquarters shows that the enemy left seventy-one guns on the works.

At Gloucester Point the guns and ordnance stores were also left.

SHIP ISLAND. Ship Island belongs to the State of Louisiana. It is about one hundred miles west of the South West Pass, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and until recently, has been occupied by Gen. Butler's division, among which are four Maine Regiments. The following interesting account of the general features of the island, we find in a soldier's letter to the Belfast *Journal*:

"Ship Island is sand, sand from one end to the other—fine and white—the kind used to manufacture glass. The island is about eight miles long and one-half mile wide. At the east end scrub oak and pitch pine trees are to be found, and other tropical vegetation; wood is procured at this point for the use of the camp. Rank grass and rushes, and the cactus here and there in low places are to be found struggling for existences or drying up in the sun's rays. Wild game, such as ducks and plovers are plenty and tame, shooting at them being prohibited. Alligators abound—one was killed not long ago some seven feet in lenght. The mosquito, sand fly and house fly are about. Of fish there are many kinds, some very good, and others of the eel species, hideous to behold. The oyster is found here, and other varieties of shell fish is abundant. This island was once a watering place during the hot months for the inhabitants of the Gulf States. The ruins of the public houses, water tanks, &c., are to be found. The fort upon the east end of the island looks as though it had been left at its own destruction for the last twenty-five years; and when our forces took possession of it the rebels had placed on its delapidated ramparts logs of wood in imitation of guns. It is now being repaired and cleared away, and guns of large calibre are being mounted. The light-house and dwelling house attacked remain, but the rebels destroyed the lighting apparatus. A common lantern is now used. The English had possession here in 1814 and left previous to their attack upon New Orleans. Should we attempt the same thing the result may be exactly the reverse of theirs. We have one blessed thing here; sink an empty flour barrel in the sand upon any part of the island, and in ten minutes it will be filled with pure, soft and cool fresh water, excellent for drinking or washing."

THE NAVAL APPROPRIATIONS. The Naval Appropriation bill, signed by the President on the 17th inst., provides as follows:

Purchase and alteration of vessels,	$2,530,000
Purchase of additional vessels,	2,000,000
Purchase of nautical instruments, books, charts, &c.,	20,000
Repairs at Observatory, freight, &c.,	3000
Ordnance foundry at Washington,	50,000
Ordnance,	1,000,000
To finish the Stevens Battery,	783,294
For iron-clad war vessels,	13,000,000
Total,	$19,386,294

In regard to the Stevens battery the bill provides that

—"In the contract for the completion of said vessel it shall be stipulated that no part of the money claimed by Edward A. Stevens to have been heretofore expended by him upon said vessel shall be refunded until the amount of said claim shall be established to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Navy, and the payment of said sum shall be contingent upon the success of said vessel as an iron-clad sea-going war steamer, to be determined by the President, and such contract shall stipulate the time within which the vessel shall be completed; provided, nevertheless, that said money shall not be expended unless the Secretary of the Navy is of opinion that the same will secure to the public service an efficient steam battery."

The fourth section of this bill authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to commute the navy ration of coffee and sugar for the extract of coffee combined with milk and sugar, provided that he considers the change conductive to the health of the service, and provided, also, that it is acceptable to the men.

IMPORTANT TO MAINE SHIPMASTERS. The Boston *Journal* cautions all masters of coasting vessels, especially those from this State, with small cargoes of wood, eggs, &c., to have manifests of their cargoes in readiness on their arrival at Boston, to exhibit to the officer of the revenue cutter stationed in that harbor, as they are liable to be boarded, and if found without manifests their papers are taken from them and deposited in the Custom House, and not delivered until a fine of ten to twenty dollars is paid.

BATH SHIP LOST. Ship Mont Blanc, Capt. Saml. T. Donnell, from Shields for Boston, with a cargo of coals, went ashore on Cape Cod on the 29th of April, and is probably a total loss. The Mont Blanc was owned by Messrs. J. P. Morse of this city, Alden Morse and John G. Morse of Phipsburg, was six years old and measured 593 tons. Insured $20,000, mostly in Boston.—*Times.*

ICE FOR NEW ORLEANS. The Tudor Company have already advertised for vessels to load with ice for New Orleans. Considering last year's embargo, New Orleans must be a good market for ice just now, and it seems that Yankee enterprise is fully alive to the opportunity.

THE POLL TAX. Repeated inquires are made as to the amount of the *tax on polls* this year. It is $1 as heretofore. The bill raising it to $2, which passed the Senate, failed in the House.

Foreign News.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Halifax May 1. The Royal Mail steamship America, from Liverpool 10.30 A. M. April 19, and Queenstown 20th arrived here this afternoon, en route for Boston. She has 35 passengers for Boston. She brings no specie.

The America spoke on the 21st the Mail steamer China at 7½ in the morning, four miles southeast of Fastnell; also 27th, spoke ships Poddington, Trenton, Oriental and Perona.

The steamship Saxonia, from New York, arrived at Southampton on the morning of the 18th.

The general and commercial news by this arrival possesses no feature of special importance.

The London *Times'* editorial expatiates on the importance of the struggle for New Orleans, and says the occupation of that city by the Federals would be a tournequet tightened on the great artery of the seceded State.

The Morning *Herald*, the conservative organ, has a sarcastic editorial on the protracted continuance of the American struggle, federal predictions to the contrary notwithstanding. It sees no sign of discouragement in the South, and believes no probable military achievement on either side would suffice to bring either party to terms. With these views, the commercial and political policy should be regulated on the conviction that a speedy peace is hopeless.

The *Herald* further says that the government at Washington should be permitted to have one more chance, and if they fail, the greater powers should peremptorily interfere on behalf of the general well being of mankind. That this has not been done before is owing to the generosity of England, as France was ready; but it is time that England should cease to stand between her own people and the relief they need.

Further experiments in the armor plating of ships are engaging attentention both in France and England.

It is rumored that the French police have arrested 1200 workmen on a charge of sedition.

There is little change in Greek and Turkish affairs.

The Austrian government have sent two naval engineers to America, to inspect the Monitor and Merrimac, and the new coast fortifications.

Great delight was manifested in all parts of Italy, at the recent language of Lord Palmeston and Mr. Gladstone in the Italian debate in the British House of Commons.

Latest via Queenstown.

Dresden, April 19. Saxony will accede to the French and Prussian treaty.

The Russian Minister of the Interior made two imperial propositions one for accelerating the liberation of the serfs, and the other for creating a Parliamentary Reprepresentation. The propositions were referred to the Consul of the Empire.

Madrid, Aprill, 19. Spain will not, as reported, withdraw her troops from Mexico. They will stay until the satisfaction demanded is obtained.

The Bombay mail to March 27 has arrived, and the Americrn portion of it forwarded per America.

The news is generally anticipated.

Authentic intelligence has been received that about 5000 Persian troops, with 100 guns, were on the way to Herat, and that the Governor of Herat, as directed by the King of Persia, had ordered 16,000 sowars and infantry to march against them.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$5 50	8 00	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00	to 10 00
Corn Meal,	80	to 88	Mutton,	6	to 10
Rye Meal,	1 00	to 0 00	Turkeys,	10	to 12
Wheat,	1 62	to 2 00	Chickens,	10	to 12
Rye,	80	to 85	Geese,	7	to 10
Corn,	68	to 70	Clover seed,	10	to 15
Beans,	1 50	to 2 00	Herdgrass,	2 50	to 2 50
Oats,	40	to 45	Sod Top,	75	to 80
Potatoes,	25	to 35	Hay,	8 00	to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6	to 8	Lime,	70	to 75
Cooking "	40	to 50	Fleece Wool,	40	to 43
Winter "	67	to 100	Pulled Wool,	43	to 45
Butter	17	to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 00	to 150
Cheese,	8	to 10	Hides,	5½	to 6
Eggs,	13	to 14	Calf Skins,	10	to 11
Lard,	12	to 13	Lamb Skins,	50	to 75
Round Hog,	$6 00	to 7 00			

BRIGHTON MARKET---May 1.

At market, 1400 Beeves, 90 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs and 1800 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $7.00; first quality $6.50; second do., $6.00; third do. $5.00 @ 5.50.

Working Oxen—$110, $120, $130 @ $140.

Milch Cows—$46 @ $49; common $18 @ $21.

Veal Calves—$5 @ $6.

Yearlings—$8 @ $9; two years old $18 @ $19; three years old $20 @ $22.

Hides—6 @ 6½c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 6c @ 6½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—50 cts, and unsheared $2.00.

Sheep and Lambs—$3.50 @ $5.75; extra 4.00 @ 5 50.

Swine—Sores wholesale 5½ @ 6c.; retail 5 @ 6½c.

Fat hogs—Undressed, 4c; corn fed, 5½c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 23 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—Market opened with a decline of 50c ℔ 100 lbs., there being a large number of cattle in market. Sheep and lambs sell 25c ℔ head lower than last week, the supply being very large. Swine are dull, the supply being very large.

BOSTON MARKET...May 3.

FLOUR—We quote common brands Western at $4 75 @ 5 00; $5 00 @ 5 25 for fancy; $5.25 @ 5 37 for extras; $5 75 a 7 00 for superior, including choice brands of St. Louis. Southern Flour is quiet, with no sales to notice.

CORN—Western yellow, 64 @ 65c. per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 38 @ 40c ℔ bushel.

RYE—77c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $14.

NEW YORK MARKET.....May 5.

Flour—State and Western is less active and 5 cents lower—Superfine State $5 a $5,10; extra State $5,25 a $5,30; round hoop Ohio $5,30 $5,45; superfine western $5 a 5,45; Southern active—mixed to good $5,45 a $6; fancy and extra $6,10 a $7. Canada flour—extra $5,25 a $6,50.

Wheat quiet and very firm—red State $1,21; white Canada $1,35; mixed do. $1,25.

Corn—heavy and lower—mixed western 56 a 59; yellow Jersey 57 a 59.

Special Notices.

The U. S. Pension Office has been removed from Portland to Augusta. All communications addressed to C. F. POTTER, Esq., the U. S. Pension Agent, will meet with a prompt reply. tf

LIST OF DOCT. GIFFORD'S HOMEOPATHIC CURATIVES.

PHILIP LEE, Proprietor.

Depot, No. 136 William street, New York.

No. 1—Cures Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.
2—Cures Worm Fever.
3—Cures Colic, Teething, Slow Growth, and Feebleness of Infants.
4—Cures Diarrhea.
7—Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness.
8—Cures Nervous Affections.
9—Cures Headache.
10—Cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Acidity, and Weak Stomach.
11—Cures Suppressed Menses
12—Cures Leucorrhea, or Whites.
13—Cures Croup.
14—Cures Salt Rheum.
15—Cures Rheumatism.
17—Cures Piles, Internal or External.
18—Cures Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes, or Eyelids.
19—Cures Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Dry or flowing, Cold in the head, Influenza.
20—Cures Whooping Cough.
22—Cures Ear Discharges, Noise in the head, Im. aired Hearing.
23—Cures Scrofula, Enlarged Glands and Tonsils.
24—Cures General Debility.
27—Cures Unnatural Diseases.
28—Cures Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges, and consequent Prostration and Debility.
30—Cures Urinary Incontinence, Wetting the bed.
34—Cures Biliousness, as Want of Appetite, Lowness of spirits, Jaundice, Constipation, and Liver Complaints.
36—Cures Chronic Coughs.

The Boxes are neatly put up, and contain about sixty large Medicated Sugar Pills, with full directions for taking, accompanying them, price 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Vial Cases, which are of Morocco, contain 15, 20, 30, or 40 Vials—prices, $4, $5, $7, $9

The Symptoms of Disease, and Method of Treatment, are given in a Manual accompanying the Medicine, or which will be furnished *free* on application.

☞ Address all orders to PHILIP LEE, 136 William street, New York, inclosing the price, in bank-note or postage stamps, and the Curatives will be sent to any part of the country, *free* of charge. Or they can be had of F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Agent, at the above prices.

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure Neuralgia pain in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever inventel—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. D.s throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
21tf DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.

LOSS OF SLEEP,

The chief of all causes of disease and insanity. Its sufferers are "Legion." The Old by their infirmities, the Sick by their sufferings, the Judge for want of a charge, the Lawyer for want of his best evidence, the Clergyman for plans to feed his Five Thousand, the Capitalist for best plan of investments, the Merchant to know where to raise the wind, the Mother for the care of her children, the Wife for her absent husband, the Miser for his hoarded treasures, and the Poor for their helpless children, are all included in this grand army; but may have the sleep which Nature gives to all by the use of HUNNEWELL'S TOLU AND DYNE. None need worry about the cost, as money shall be refunded if it fails to cure this evil to the "Legion."

☞ Fac. imile of J. L. Hunnewell's signature over corks of genuine only.

For sale by all dealers everywhere. eop2w21

CONFESSION AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope, SINGLE COPIES may be had of the author,
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford,
1y13 Kings county, N. Y.

MELVILLE C. KEITH, M. D.

State St., First House South of the Freewill Baptist Church, Augusta, Me.

Will pay special attention to long standing cases of Piles, Dyspepsia, Gravel, Diabetes, and those peculiar diseases connected with the urinary organs, and digestive apparatus. In the treatment of these Diseases, Botanic Remedies will be used exclusively, and no minerals *or poisons of any kind* will be used in his Practice. 19tf

Married.

In Augusta, May 4, by W. Gaslin, Jr., Esq, Emerson Peters to Jane W. Foye.
In Portland, May 1, by Rev. Alex. Burgess, Otis M. Brewer, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator, to Carrie M. Hamlen.
In Belgrade, April 19th, by S. B. Weston, Esq, Geo. Worster to Angeline Yeaton, both of B.
In Skowhegan, Amasa K. Mason to Pamella Wentworth.
In Boston, Lieut. Norman H. Farquhar, U. S. N., to Addie Pope, daughter of Capt. John Pope, U. S. N
In Saco, Stephen Tuttle, Jr., to Eunice C. Webster.
In North Berwick, Edwin W. Sargent to Francina Littlefield.
In Lewiston, Allen H. Jones to Sarah L. Smith.
In Calais, John T. Adams to Phebe M. Greenlaw.
In Moscow, Charles F. Webster to Julietta Baker.

Died.

In Augusta, April 29th, Alice C., daughter of Daniel W. and Sarah E. Gordon, aged 2 years 6 months.
In North Monmouth, Joseph Fairbanks, aged 70 years.
In Winthrop, Susan, wife of Joseph Chandler, aged 46 years.
At Kent's Hill, A. S. Scott, Professor in Maine Wesleyan Seminary, aged 36 years.
In Bingham, April 28th, of Diptheria, Alice B., daughter of H. W. and Lydia Glidden, aged 2 years 5 mos.
In Mercer, May 2d, Frances L., wife Rev. J. W. Hathaway, and daughter of Edmund Hayward, of Sidney.
In Embden, March 23, H. Abbie, wife of Ashman T. Stevens and eldest daughter of Jesse and Sophia Healy of Concord, aged 23 years.
In Farmville, April 23d, of diptheria, Sarah J., wife of Almon Sprague, Esq., aged 30.
In East Readfield, April 11th, Mrs. Sarah Sanborn, aged 77 years 9 months, formerly of Kingston, N. H.
In Scarboro', Flora, only child of Orrin Moody, aged 3 years 10 mos.
In North Windham, Lawrence Shuler of Portland, aged 36.
In Clinton, 22d ult., Arabine, wife of Stephen R. Gordon, aged 23 years.
In Bangor, 26th ult., Mary J., wife of Frank Rowe, aged 28.
In Durham, Mary, widow of the late Dea. Isaac Lambert, aged 83 years 9 mos.
In Calais, John N. Todd, aged about 70.

HARDY AND EARLY RIPENING GRAPES.

FOR OPEN CULTURE IN MAINE.

TEN THOUSAND Vines of my own growth, in open air, of the best and earliest Grapes known, including one thousand of the Delaware, are offered at prices hitherto unheard of for Vines of such strength and quality. Good small Vines of Delaware only 50 cents, and others in proportion. Also a good assortment of

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Special attention given to small fruits, and an excellent stock on hand. Send orders early, or send for a priced Catalogue.
S. L. GOODALE, Saco Nurseries.
Saco, May 1, 1862. 4w21

DO YOU WANT BUSINESS!

Call at the KENNEBEC HOUSE and see
COLBY'S PATENT CLOTHES WRINGER.

The Simplest, Cheapest, the most durable, and the best of any machine of the kind that has ever been invented. The proprietor of the Machine will be at the above house on the 15th inst., and will offer to the trade, town and county rights in the State of Maine, on the most liberal terms.

This Machine is on exhibition at Fuller & Sawtelle's, in this city.
May 6, 1862. 21

PRICES OF ARTICLES SENT PREPAID BY MAIL.

Nice blank certificates for S S Committees and Supervisors use, five cents per dozen. Twenty-five fine buff or white Union Envelopes, with a fine steel engraved head of one of our noted Generals, for nine cents. Robert Merry's Book containing 324 Illustrated Games, Amusements, etc., for twelve cents. Full directions to enable any one to plate watches and other articles with pure gold or silver, so that it will wear equal to the best of galvanic plating, for twenty-five cents. Enclose silver or stamps and address
R. M. MANSUR, P. M., Mount Vernon, Me.
May, 1862. 3w21

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF MELVILL O. RAIRDEN, Administrator on the estate of DAVID S. RAIRDEN, late of Pittston, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of one thousand dollars—that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Pittston, and described as follows, viz:—The farm belonging to the deceased, called the River farm, on the road leading to Dresden, being the same bought of Hanly, Gilman and Nash, with the buildings thereon. That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, of one thousand dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administrator therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell said real estate to the person making the same. MELVILL O. RAIRDEN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY...In Probate Court at AUGUSTA, on the fourth Monday of April, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*

Copy of petition and order thereon.
ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 21*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION OF SARAH CLARK, Administratrix on the estate of HENRY CLARK, late of Chelsea, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of five hundred dollars—that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Chelsea, and described as follows, viz:—One undivided half part of a lot of land, conveyed to deceased and Rufus Clark, by deed of Arthur Plummer, containing about eighty acres:—That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to her for the interest of deceased said real estate, of seventy-five dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administratrix therefore prays that she may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell said real estate to the person making the same. SARAH CLARK.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the fourth Monday of April, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.*
A True copy of the petition and order thereon.
ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 21*

KENNEBEC COUNTY. *In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1862.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of DEBORAH K. ROBBINS, late of Belgrade, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of May next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*
True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 21*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of April, 1862.*

SALLY MARSTON, widow of REUBEN MARSTON, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of May next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 21*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the fourth Monday of April, A. D., 1862.*

DANIEL W HAMMOND, Trustee under last will and testament of ELIJAH HAMMOND, late of Sidney, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of May next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A TRUE COPY—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 21*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of

MARY AMES, late of MONMOUTH,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 28, 1862. 21* WALTER BOWERS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of

ISAAC HOLMES, Jr., late of AUGUSTA,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to
April 28, 1862. 21* J. T. HOLMES.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas, Ezra Ward of China, by his deed of mortgage duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Kennebec County, did, on the thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1862, convey to me a certain piece of land situated in China, in said county, being all the land lying on the south side of the county road that was conveyed to the said Ward by Elisha Clark, said deed being recorded in Kennebec Registry, Book 216, page 126; the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I therefore claim to foreclose the same for breach of condition, pursuant to the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided.
WILLIAM WHITE.
China, May 5, 1862. 3w21*

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

HAVING been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, Commissioners to receive and decide upon the claims of creditors against the estate of Richard H. Luce, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, the same having been represented insolvent, we hereby give notice that six months from the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1862, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims, and that we will attend the service assigned us at the office of F. E. Webb, in said Winthrop, on the third Saturdays of June and September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.
FRANCIS E. WEBB,
JOSEPHUS STEVENS.
Winthrop, May 5, 1862. 3w21

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given that, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court of Kennebec County, the subscriber will sell at public auction, at the house lately occupied by Thomas J. Burgess, deceased, in Winthrop, in said County, on the 21st day of June next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the interest of said deceased, including the reversion of the widow's dower in the homestead house and lot of the deceased, situate in said Winthrop.
EPHRAIM WOOD, Wm'r
of estate of Thomas J. Burgess.
Winthrop, May 5, 1862. 3w21

FARMERS' BEST FERTILIZER.

COE'S SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

Sold by EDWIN CHICK,
4w21* 39 West Market Square, Bangor, Me.

GRASS SEEDS, &c.

500 bushels Herds Grass seed. 15,000 pounds Clover Seed. 300 bushels Red Top seed.

Fertilizers of all kinds, together with an extensive assortment of vegetable and other field seeds. Also agent for Barnes & Washburn's extensive flower and vegetable seeds, for sale either at wholesale or retail, by JOHN MCARTHUR,
Augusta, March 3, 1862. No. 1, Market

Poetry.

THE WITHERED DAISIES.

"Because she loved them."

You ask me why I loved them so,
Those little simple flowers,
That over every pasture blow,
In April's sunny showers,
And why a daisy wreath I twine,
Instead of dewy roses,
To hang about the holy shrine
Where our lost child reposes.

'Twas in the Spring-time that she came,
And all the forest mazes
Were bright with flowers without a name,
The fields were white with daisies,
You know how beautiful she grew,
How fair and sweet and holy;
But the violet, wet with morning dew,
Is not more pure and lowly.

She flitted like a sunbeam bright
Around our cottage door;
Her footsteps, as a fairy's light,
Made music on the floor.
On every flower of wood and glade,
She lavished childish praises;
She loved all things the Lord has made,
But most she loved the daisies.

How many thoughts beyond her years,
That then were all unheeded,
We think of now, with blinding tears—
Sweet teachings that we needed.
Three happy years we led her feet
Along life's stormy mazes;
The fourth, we laid her down to sleep
Beneath the April daisies.

'Tis well, and we are reconciled,
For He who gave the blossom,
Who lent to us our angel child,
Recalled her to His bosom,
And waiting till he calls for me,
To sing with her His praises,
I'll keep her blessed memory
Embalmed in April daisies.

Our Story-Teller.

THE DRAB DRESS.

"Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask you," and Lita Ross lifted her face with a beseeching expression, from a small boquet of choice flowers she held in her small, jewelled hand.

"A favor to ask of me, Sis?" was the young man's reply. "One would think from your serious, troubled countenance, it was the first one you had ever preferred, and you were to try an experiment."

"Well, it is a sort of experiment, Fred, and before you give me an answer, I want you to think, and not say 'Oh, yes, yes,' as you always do, and then not give it another single thought."

"Well, here goes then," replied the gay, handsome young man, drawing an ottoman to his sister's feet, and seating himself upon it with mock gravity. "Your humble servant. And now proceed to business, madam."

The young girl's face assumed an earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both of her own, and said, while the color burned up into her cheeks:

"Fred, it is this, that you will drink no more wine. I tremble whenever I see you with the glass at your lips."

"Well, now, Lita, child, can you not trust me, knowing my entire self-command, that I have no natural tendency that way, and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends."

"I know it, Fred—I know all that: but your influence is what I fear. There is Charlie Chester thinks you a perfect pattern of goodness, and as he touched glasses with you at Mrs. Reardon's, and you stood up and drank together, my heart ached: not so much for you as for him, knowing that he has not the self-command which you have, and that he loves to look upon the wine when it sparkles in the cup."

"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right. I never looked at it in that way before," said Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression. "But who, in the name of common sense (and now the young man smiled) would have expected that my little fashionable butterfly sister ever found time for such thoughts as these, what with her ribbons, roses and laces? Seriously, Lita, I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, Fred. But now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter—though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom—but I fear for Charlie Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains his glass to the dregs. Promise me, Fred; come do this if you love me," and Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly on her brother's head.

"Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I should make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I don't care to be immolated upon the altar alone."

"Name it, Fred, and if it's in my power I'll do it willingly, gladly;" and her soft eyes danced with delight.

"Well then, Sis, I'll promise this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you. I declare, I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress, with its lace trmmings and your ear-rings, pin and bracelet of those tiny pearls, but you must give them up if I comply with your request."

"I will, Fred—I will."

"And wear a drab dress without any ornaments?"

"Yes, Fred."

"Next Thursday night make your first appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember you will be subject to many remarks, and will look very plain by the side of your showily-dressed companions."

"I promise, Fred, in return that you will then and there comply with my request."

"Your hand, Sis. And now remember as long as you will wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what a sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to retract any day."

"Well, Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss as a seal of our contract;" and Lita threw her arms about her brother's neck and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses, and glided away through the hall, up the long, oaken stair-way to her own chamber, and seating herself, she bowed her head, and ejaculated:

"Thank God, Charlie Chester may yet be saved!"

And the tears rained down her fair face, and when she had again looked up, there was a subdued, tender light in her eye never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family—the sparkling, fashionable belle of the season—the coquette, so accounted. But there was in her heart a leaf as yet unread by any eye save that of her Maker, and on it was inscribed her love for Charlie Chester.

"Well, now, who'd have thought it?" Fred exclaimed, as he found himself alone. "I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny herself than she could give up her right hand. But she'll do it—I saw it in her eye. Faith, I never was so proud of her in my life. I've looked upon her as a mere chit of a girl; but all at once she stands before me a noble, self-sacrificing woman. And she's right about Charlie Chester; for now I think of it, he is in danger of being drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation—strange I've not thought of that before! I used to think they had quite a partiality for each other; but they've outgrown it I reckon."

How much we pride ourselves upon our own discernment, and yet how widely do our conclusions sometimes wander from the truth.

Thursday evening came, and Frederick Ross sat in the drawing-room, waiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light, rustling step, and she stood before him, with her soft, brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and confined plainly at the back of her pretty head, and amid its glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrope; her dress was drab silk with a low corsage and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of rich white blonde, while her tiny foot, with its dainty satin slipper of the same shade of the dress, laid coquettishly hidden in the thick, rich carpet.

"Come, Fred, I am ready," she said. "Am I presentable?"

"Why, Lita, love!" Here he paused. Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking face; but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—"Yes, Lita, presentable, perhaps; but one would take you to be at least twenty-five, instead of nineteen. Faith, I'd no idea it could alter you so much? Come; there is an hour yet; run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and Bell will assist you. Do it now to please me; there's a good girl."

Lita's cheek turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her "she looked twenty-five" and "prim" at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her. But she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie Chester with the wine-cup at his lips; she heard his mother's voice crying, "Enter not into temptation!" as plainly as when she heard her whisper it in his ear as he turned from his cottage home a few weeks previous. It was those words and the look of gentle sorrow that filled the mother's eyes with tears that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie, and ever since that time she had watched him closely. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had avoided her studiously for more than a year: and besides she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self-control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided. And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love for dress and admiration? No, no, she would not. More than that she dared not. Laying her hand, in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this sombre dress for the rose-colored crape, but it would not be right in me; I should *despise myself*. I am sorry you are going to be mortified at my appearance. I did not think before I came below, that I looked so old and prim. But of course I do, as you say I do."

"Never mind, sis. I am proud of you, let you look as you will. I should not have loved you half so well, had you meekly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits at the door."

Had my readers looked closely into the eye of Frederick Ross, they would have seen something resembling a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately-perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned from him. And Lita thought he never looked so lovingly upon her as when he handed her into the carriage; and she was quite sure his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the farther end of the reception room, to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"

"O, she likes to make herself conspicuous," replied another lady, carelessly toying with one of her golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron of thirty or thirty-five. *You'll* stand quite a chance of reigning belle to-night, now that she has hidden all her beauty under a cloud of drab."

Miss Milford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and gathering up her pale blue satin dress she sailed stately away.

"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bending her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests to-night, viz., the plainness of your dress to-night?"

"I cannot at present, Mrs. Thurston," replied Lita, "but at some future time I may. I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive that you would approve of, if I were at liberty to name it;" and Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"O, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper; but it seems so different from your own girlish self, that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it very becoming to you, this drab dress with its blue trimmings. In short, I never saw you looking so lovely as to-night, though not so brilliant as your wont."

"O, Mrs. Thurston, you do not mean it! I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said before we left home, I looked twenty-five, and so very prim, and I have felt as though it were true, all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, Mrs. Thurston, indeed it must."

"Not at all, Lita: I am quite sincere in my opinion, and I have heard others say the same."

"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you may," said a light-hearted girl, as she stood talking to her companion. "Just see her, as she stands there with the light falling around her soft drab dress; but she looks prettier to-night than ever," continued the unselfish girl. "Look, Harry."

"Yes, Lizzie, there are few faces like Lita Ross, prettier without adornments than with. I know of but one other in this whole assembly;" and the little hand of Lizzie was tenderly pressed by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.

The supper-saloon was thrown open, and the tables laid with silver and cut glass supporting all the choice luxuries of the season, presented a dazzling spectacle, under the multitude of gas jets from the rich burners, while the long polished side-boards were supplied with some of the richest wines, reflecting many a prismatic color.

"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?" queried the gentleman who had escorted Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking of her brother's promise, and wondering what effect it would have upon Charlie Chester.

The ladies had withdraw from the supper-room, but still the gentlemen lingered or returned after having escorted their fair companions from the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross, here, take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine, we will have a chat."

"Well, I've no objections to the chat, but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred Ross is a Temperance man—he has signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred Ross!"

Charlie Chester had in his hand a second glass and just as he was about to drain its contents the words of Frank Leland fell upon his ear. He turned pale, and stood looking at Fred Ross, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.

"Yes, a Temperance man if you like it. I've signed a pledge too, and it's useless to ask me more, for I'm bound to keep it."

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding-door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the side-board, but not a word had passed but had reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness she turned away, and at that moment would not have exchanged for the richest dress around, her own simple drab dress.

Several weeks wore away, and yet Lita was never in public with anything but drab.

"It is rediculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment—"perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccentricity. But it is not; it is downright folly. If she was my girl, I'd shut her up in the house and feed her upon bread and water before I'd see her make such a simpleton of herself. Only see that drab bonnet with its white ruche and strings and the drab cape—quite suitable for her grandmother."

"I heard her called one of the finest dressed ladies upon the street, to-day, by a gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk, and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her."

"Ah, indeed," said she tossing her head. "Show me some more lilac moires."

"Frederick Ross," said Charlie Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Granville's musical assemblies, "will you walk with me?—I've something to say to you—a few questions to ask you, if you will not deem it impertinent in me to do so?"

Frederick readily acceded to his request, and no sooner were they alone than Charlie Chester said:

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left off your habits of taking a fashionable glass. It alarmed me. I said whenever I saw you turn from me, "Is it possible he fears to trust himself? or what has wrought this change in him?" And now will you give me a key that will unlock this mystery?"

"Yes, Charlie, I will," was the ready reply. And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstance that led to this change in his habits, omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one ever whom Lita especially feared the influence of her brother's example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of and worship her. If more ladies would take the same stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies; but instead of that, they smile upon one custom which "dear, delightful Mrs. Grundy" sanctions, and give the cold shoulder to one who has the independence to assert and carry out his own honest intentions. You with your wealth, are an exception. And yet I'm resolved to follow your example; and whenever temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made; not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine-cup but lest others, who have not so much self-control, might take encouragement from your example."

After a few moments spent in discussing the subject, the two friends parted; and when Fred related their conversation to Lita, after expressing her satisfaction, she stole away to her chamber as was her wont, to give vent to the gratitude of her heart, and an earnest petition ascended to heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so this rich, talented, handsome European, who sued so earnestly for this little white hand, has shared the same fate with your many suitors. You're an enigma, sis, and I'm afraid if I do not exert my authority you'll never marry."

"I am sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand," and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing. "Now don't you leave me with such a sober face, for I assure you that I am happy as I am."

"I doubt it, sis, was the laughing rejoinder, as Fred closed the door, and went through the long hall humming a snatch of a sentimental song.

Two years had flown by, and still Charlie Chester had kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that this was so; and yet to have seen them, no one would have imagined that that they had the slightest interest in common.

Lita sat alone in the back parlor of her home, thinking of the past, of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child, wondering why he avoided her so studiously of late, when she was roused by a tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thoughts. With heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at this unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie drew his seat near to her, and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my boyhood's love now that I know, and can trust myself, will you entrust your life, your happiness to my keeping? Will you be my wife? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence that I abandoned the wine-cup just in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. O, Lita, what do I not owe you? And yet this very fact encourages me to ask for more. Say, will you become my wife?"

The small hand he held nestling more confidently in his, the brown eyes uplifted to his face with so much of truthful love in them, answered him. And she told him of all the long years his image had been hidden in her heart—of her fears for his safty when she saw him with the wine-cup pressed to his lips, and of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of her *drab dress*.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that led you to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I loved wine; my thirst for it was becoming more intense, and only a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid; but you were the 'good angel' commissioned by God to save me."

Lita is now a happy wife and mother, but she still maintains her plain style of dress. She wore a drab dress on her bridal day, and as she passes along the street she is pointed out as the "lady in drab"; but many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear to changing it for any other color, for to him no dress is as beautiful as her *drab dress*.

Family Fireside Talk.

KATIE'S SECRET.

The sunlight is beautiful, mother,
And sweetly the flowers bloom to-day;
And birds in the branches of hawthorn
Are caroling ever so gay;
And down by the rock in the meadow
The rill ripples by with a song;
And, mother, I too have been singing
The merriest all day long.

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
Last night I was weeping alone;
The world was so dark and so dreary,
My heart grew heavy as stone!
I thought of the lonely and loveless—
All lonely and loveless was I!
I can scarcely tell why it was, mother,
But, oh! I was wishing to die!

Last night I was weeping, dear mother,
But Willie came down by the gate,
And whispered "Come out in the moonlight,
I've something to say to you, Kate."
Oh, mother, to him I am dearer
Than all the wide world beside;
He told me so out in the moonlight—
He called me his darling, his bride!

So now I will gather me roses
To twine in my long braided hair;
And Willie will come in the evening,
And smile when he sees me so fair;
And out in the moonlight we'll wander,
And down by the old hawthorn tree;
Oh! mother, I wonder if any
Were ever so happy as we?

WHY IRVING NEVER MARRIED.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes as follows:

"Much mystery has attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point of peculiarity of the great writer's character and career his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questioning of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his experience. There were occasionally and very vague references made to a 'lnag syne' love—so dimly distant in the past as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of a romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of much imagining—nay more, the substructure of a thousand sweet sympathies outgushing from other hearts whose love had not been lost but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were baulked, and the symprthetic, even, discouraged. The set time for its disclosure has not come, and surely, when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time and in his own pathetic language.

It was while engaged in writing his 'History of New York,' that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. The young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady, on the 29th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is true painful, and tear-impelling. He says: 'She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. * * * * I saw her fade rapidly away—beautiful, and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wondering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and effecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. * * * * * I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not be solitary, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bedroom of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I have suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. * * *

It seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart waited anchorage. I was naturally susceptable, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dream of her incessantly.'

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy and expressed that wish to know why he had never married. Can words more graphically describe the shipwreck of hope, or more tenderly depict the chivalric devotion of a faithful lover? How sweetly, too, does Irving portray with his artist-pen the lineaments of his loved one. He says in the same letter: 'The more I saw of her the more I had reasons to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought and action, than this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all that knew her. Her brilliant sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison.'

Irving seldom or never alluded to this sad event nor was the name of Matilda ever spoken in his presence. Thirty years after her death, Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a grand-daughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidary, which dropped upon the floor. 'Washington,' said Mr. Hoffman, 'this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship.' His biographer describes the effect as electric. 'He had been conversing in the sprightliest mode before,' says Pierre M. Irving, 'and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few minutes got up and left the house.' Do any of the pages that record the 'loves of poets,' glisten with a purer, brighter halo than is thrown around the name and character and memory of Matilda Hoffman by the life-long constancy and the graceful tributes of one whose name, destined to a deathlessrenown, may not henceforth be disserved from that of the early lost and dearly loved, whose death made Washington Irving what he was and what the world admires?"

DOGS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

It is hard to believe that two races so spliced together as the canine and human do not lap over; hard to feel that some dogs are not better worth saving than some men; some men more fit to rot in unhallowed ground, and be forgotten, than some dogs. Creatures so intelligent, and yet so patient of our neglect; so sensitive, and yet so forgiving of our roughness and ingratitude! So gentle when we do not seem to love them, so overjoyed when we do! So uncomplaining, even of hunger, if we are not ready to feed them—even of storm and cold, when turned out from the bright fire, on the winter's night, to watch for us while we sleep warm in our beds! So ready to fight and die for us, and our poorest belongings! Surely, for qualities like these, though they go upon four legs, qualities that would grace a Christian or a hero, there should be some other vestibule in religion. We might even let a child pray, it seems to me, that, through the open door of Heaven, for the humble, where he is taught that the beggar that takes alms from his hands may sit above him, his faithful dog may be permitted to look in.

Animals of different species, says Dr. Burnap, are capable of forming attachments to each other. He relates an effecting anecdote of this kind. When the American army, in the Revolution, lay at Valley Forge, during the inclement winter of 1779-'80 the stable of the Governor, then a Colonel in the army, was tenanted by three animals of most diverse species, but of affections the most cordial and united—a horse, a dog and a drake. No sooner did the horse lie down at night than the dog came and lay close at his side; then the drake as invariably crept into the little oval nest created by the dog's head and body. In this position they passed the cold winter night, and were invariably found by the servant the next morning. The dog and the drake became devoted friends. At the close of every meal, they resorted to the Colonel's quarters to be fed, and the shaking of the table-cloth was a signal for a race between the dog and drake, which would arrive first, and get the nicest bits of their common repast. Usually, the race was a pretty even one, the drake making up for the shortness of his legs by the strength and activity of his wings. At length, however, there came a deep, light snow. At noon the table-cloth was shaken as usual, and the dog commenced the race, bounding through the snow, and was soon near his dinner. Not so with the drake. He began his usual career with great impetuosity, but soon began to tumble from one hole into another, until he became exhausted. But what did the dog do? Did he rush on and devour his meal alone? By no means. He missed his companion, looked behind, and saw him struggling in the snow; he galloped back, took the drake gently in his mouth, and bore him off to share the meal with his noble minded companion.—*Willis.*

PUNISHMENT TO CHILDREN.

In the March number of the Atlantic Monthly the "Country Parson" has a charming little essay on "Sorrows of Childhood." In the course of which he makes these remarks:

An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost stories of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child on an errand in a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in my youth than once walking three miles alone (it was not going on an errand) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along a wall of a churchyard—one of those ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. Nobody ever supposed that this was a trial to a boy of twelve years old, so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent; I am telling now about that dismal walk for the first time, and in the illness of childhood, children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember, when I was nine years years old, how every evening when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin was closing round me. I used to read at that period, with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, 'The Grave.' But I never dreamed of telling anybody about these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves, and in respect of the things of which they think most are as profoundly alone as the Ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, an important member of a very strait sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying, begged be buried not in a certain foul old hideous church-yard, but in a certain cheerful cemetry. This request the poor little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strait Pharisee refused the dying request, and pointed out with polemical bitterness to the child that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakspeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but 'by faith,' that 'Joseph, when he was dying, gave commandment concerning his bones."

PAPER HANGINGS.

It is a point not sfficiently borne in mind, as a general thing, that the apparent size and hight of a room are, of necessity, either increased or diminished by the nature of its paper hangings. Papers of a large pattern greatly reduced the apparent size—those of a large and flowing pattern the hight. A paper in which perpendicular lines predominate, although the pattern be large, does not so much effect the apparent hight. To cover a small room with paper of a large pattern, is a great mistake, and a still worse mistake is to paper the cealing. The best effect is produced by using papers in which the pattern and colors are quiet and harmonious, and do not strike the eye. The walls of a room are like the background of a picture, and should be treated so as to relieve and set off the objects in front of them, and to give repose to the eye. A paper presenting sudden contrast in color, and strongly marked lines in the pattern, forms the worst possible background for pictures, and the most unfavorable accompaniment to furniture, draperies, and objects of taste; the spotty effect of such a papering interferes with all the minor objects in the apartment, and gives an unpleasant and bewildering effect. Modern paper hangings are frequently made to represent columns, friezes, pilasters, &c., dividing the room into compartments. But, notwithstanding the beautiful execution of some of these papers, they cannot be recommended as in good taste, for the reason that the introduction of real objects of the kind would not be consistent' in a situation where the support is not needed. The introduction of flowers and conventional forms, for the ornamentation of room walls, is not unnatural, and may therefore with consistency be adopted.

☞ The number of local letters in the city of London is over 50,000,000 annually. For doing the business there are 600 clerks, or sub-Postmasters; 3,000 sorters and carries, and over 300 District Posts. Hourly deliveries of outside mails and of local matter are made in all the more densely pop ulated portions of the city, and the early morning and most important delivery is so managed that every letter which can be delivered within a radius of 12 miles from the office is so delivered before 9½

ABOUT POCKETS.

Pockets are a marked feature of civilized life. Their history is the history of humanity, and a catalogue of their successive contents would furnish a condensed biography. There was no pockets in the fig-leaf aprons of Eden; our first parents had no need to hoard or appropriate, to the trees and herbage of the garden offered them freely all their simple wealth. There were no pockets in Adam's first blouse of skins, for as yet he had no knife wherewith to cut tobacco, and was ignorant of the potentcy of the marvelous weed. But when life grew hard and human interests conflicting, then the pockets became a developed institution, a receptacle for the means of daily solace, emenity and conveniece. It is a social, not selfish institution. It contains supplies not hoards. The treasures of the miser are buried in a vault; while the subsidies of the pocket are appropriately known as change. From its warmest corner comes the penny for the street-sweeper, the toys for the pet of the fireside, and the weekly gratuity for charities of every kindly name.

But the most charateristic deposits are not in money. Children prefer the concrete to the abstract, the end to the means. While the little man wears the dress of his sister, his pocket, like hers, is filled with cakes and candies. But very soon he seeks a wider range of activities, and the sweatmeats, not yet ignored, dispute possession inch by inch with jews-harps, fish-hooks, tops, kite-strings and knives. If he is mechanical the knife gains a companion in an ivory rule. If studious, in pencils and paper. Then comes the belligerent period, when the country boy makes investments in powder and shot, and the young citizen is an amatuer in pistols and percussion caps. And as war alternates with peace, the tomahawk with the calumet, so about this period, if at all, is developed a preference for cigars and "fine-cut" but these are noxious weeds that are liable to choke out all healthful growth. Just as rats leave a sinking ship, when these fragrant treasures find their way to the pocket, indignant moths leave the youug men's wardrobe in disgust. It will be well if the odor does not serve to expel more desirable visitants than these. Then follows the youth's latest pocket companion, the watch, pointing with its golden finger the silent moral of the time.

For the girl, her early sugar plums give place to the cheap luxury of paper dolls, soon followed by that familiar implement the thimble. Hard upon this scribbling stage, when the pocket finds room for pencil and paper, for notes of many pages duly crossed, and filled with the fancies and follies, the friendships and fashions of sixteen. It is but a slight change from these romantic missives to those of a warmer hue, the billet-doux of boyish admirers, to be followed we trust by the firm lines that bear the frank avowal of a manly love. Yet these last will not long remain in the pocket; they are too precious guests for such familiar treatment, and shall retire to some inner sanctuary, set apart for the holiest of all. With love comes sorrow, with sorrow comes religion; so when one crowned woman has hidden away her heart's treasures, hallowed by kisses if not by tears, amid a shower of fallen rose-leaves, perhaps prophetic of their fate, she receives a new friend, a pocket-Bible, in their place. Consecrated to labor, love and duty, the pocket thus meets the whole round of human needs.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE CARE OF CARPETS.

When carpets are taken up, be careful in removing the tin tacks, so that the edges of the carpet are not torn; then roll up the carpets, with the upper part inside, and carry them away to be beaten. As soon as the carpets are removed, throw a few old tea-leaves, *not too wet*, over the floor; sweep the room out, and afterwards wash the boards with a wet flannel; but be careful and not throw too much water about, as it is liable to injure the ceiling of the rooms below. While the floor is drying, beat the carpets, by hanging them over a stout line, and beating them, first on one side, and then on the other, with a long, smooth stick. After the carpet is beaten, it may be dragged over a lawn, or else brushed on both sides with a carpet broom. If faded or greasy in many parts, an ox gall, mixed with a pailful of cold water, or a little grated raw potato and cold water, mixed together, and sponged over the places, and then wiped dry with soft clothes, will make them look clean and bright. If there are any appearances of moths in carpets, when they are taken up, sprinkle tobacco or black peper on the floor, before the carpets are put down, and let it remain after they are laid down. Straw matting, laid under carpets, makes them last much longer than straw, as it is smooth and even, and the dust sifts through it.

SPELLING.

In a school way down in Dixie, whose teacher rather prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination-day, when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word *Aaron* was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who blated out,

"Big A little a r-o-n—Aaron."

In the course of a few moments all went gayly as a marriage-bell every word being spelled correctly. At last one gave out the word *Gallery*. This was a rather a "poser," being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor,

"Big Gal, little gal, e-r-y—Gallery."

It is needless to say that this effort closed the exercises in spelling, and literally brought down the House.—*Harper.*

A Mathematical Riddle. The following is an ingenious riddle, which may furnish an evening's work for some of our young friends who are good for cyphering:

Three sisters go to market with eggs. The first has fifty eggs, the second has thirty, and the third has ten. Each asks the same price for her eggs, sells them all and returns home, each having the same amount of money. How did they sell their eggs, and what amount of money did they receive?

☞ A German journal relates the following anecdote, on the authority of a traveler recently returned from Africa: A wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wives, "What strange creatures those French women are! Would you believe it? they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!" Such was the idea formed of crinoline by this son of Mahomet.

☞ Parson Brownlow has repeatedly assured Prentiss that he never swore an oath, never played cards, never took a drink of liquor, never went to the theare, never attended a horse-race, never told a lie, never broke the Sabbath, never wore whiskers, and never kissed any woman but his wife.

It were worth a V to see this man, as his like probably never before existed.

☞ The waste paper of the English government officers, which is collected and sold by the stationary office, produced about thirty-five thousand dollars last year, and it is expected to bring nearly the same sum this year. This is independent of the "blue books" printed, but not read, which, after the lapse of a certain time, are disposed of as waste paper.

☞ A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of trees and plants, especially "pie-plants of all kinds." A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard-pie seed, and a dozen of mince-pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

☞ Gen. Grant's name is Ulyses S.—"U. S. Grant," being his usual signature. The initials not only stand for United States, but also for Unconditional Surrender. This is the only *condition* on which he *Grants* the slightest quarter to rebels.

☞ Politeness may prevent the want of wit, and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

☞ To do much good, and make but little noise, is a singular thing. Some say much, but do nothing; but Christiens should do much, and say nothing.

A medical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies to live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

Human beings are not so constituted that they can live without expansion. If they cannot get it in one way, they must in another, or perish.

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